FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

November 16, 1974

Saturday Review World

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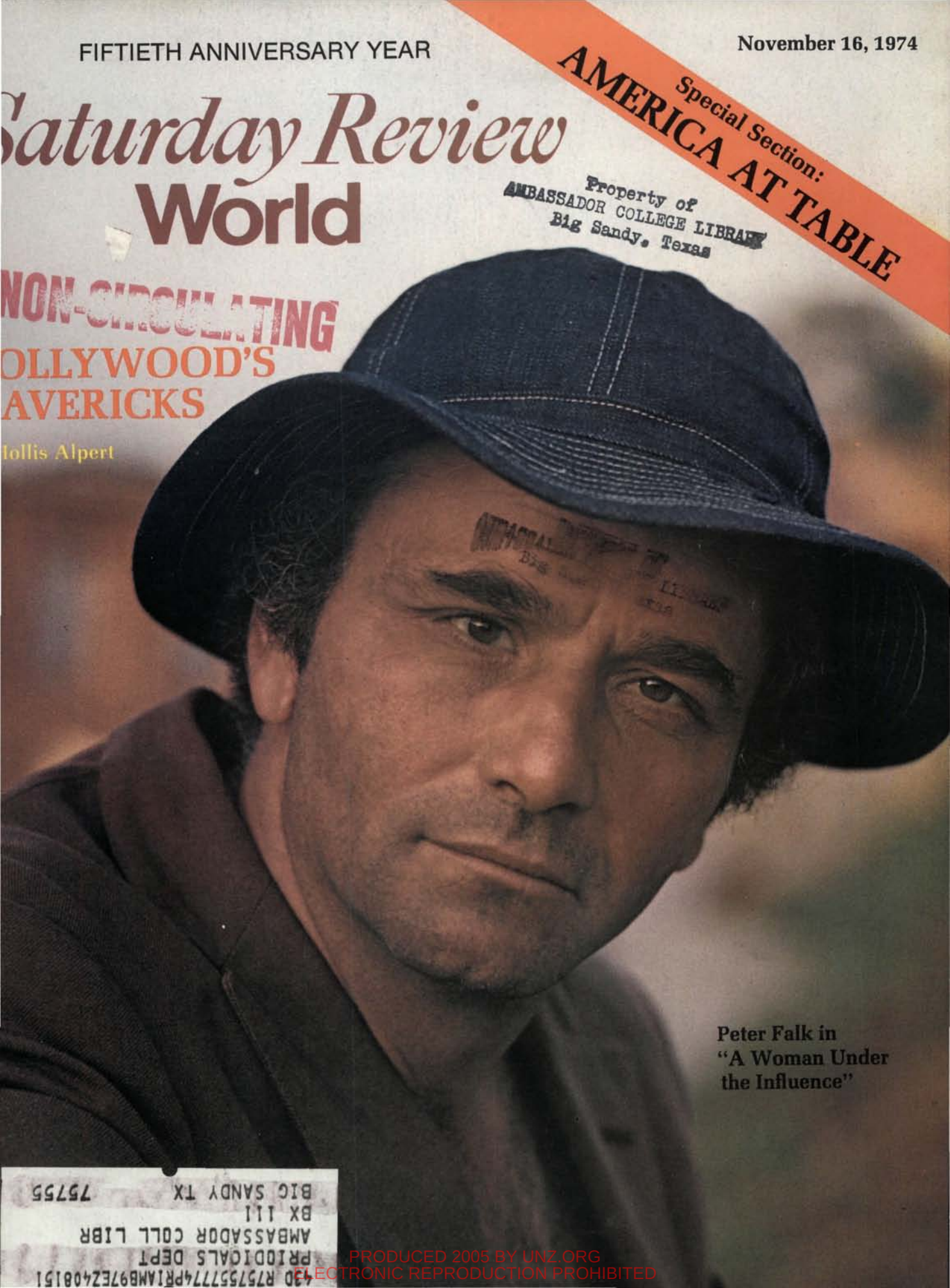

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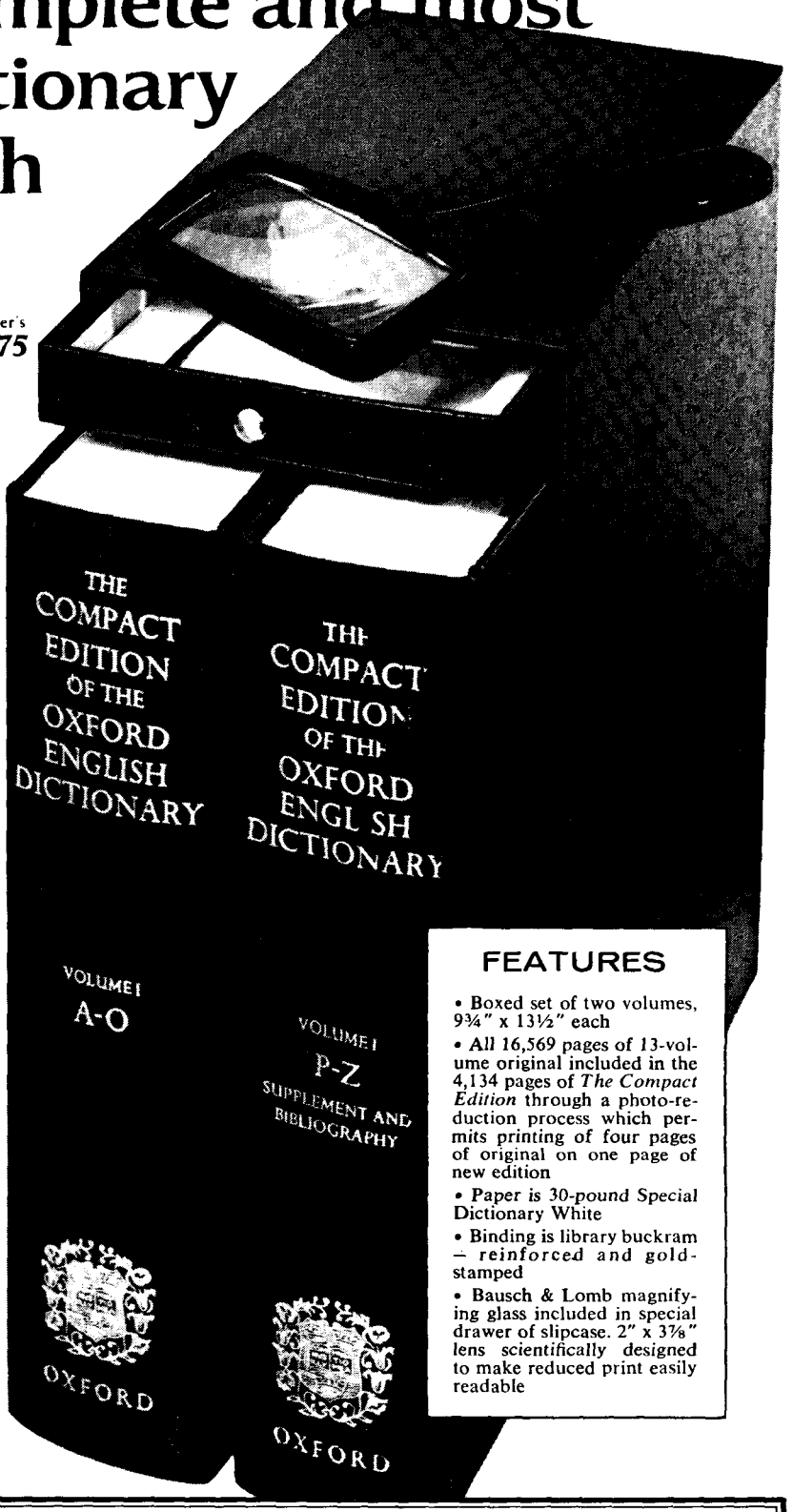
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Page 10

Page 44

Page 52

November 16, 1974

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

5 Letters From Readers

6 World Progress Report

28 Top of My Head
by Goodman Ace

29 World Environment Newsletter

31 Manner of Speaking
by John Ciardi

66 Light Refractions
by Thomas H. Middleton

ARTICLES

10 Oregon: The Fight for "Survival"
by Roger M. Williams
The lush, green hills of Oregon are alive with battle cries as environmentalists and developers fight over the issue of land use.

14 New Grass on the River Bank
by Dan W. Lufkin

BOOKS

16 Aldous Huxley: A Biography
by Sybille Bedford
Reviewed by Harry T. Moore

19 Supership *by Noël Mostert*
Reviewed by Anthony Wolff

25 The Philippines *by Beth Day*
Reviewed by Rafael Steinberg

26 New Books
by Jane Larkin Crain

27 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

FILM

32 Hollywood's Mavericks
by Hollis Alpert
In the continuing war between businessmen and artists, at least one maverick group is determined to make quality films.

FINE ARTS

38 Beyond Function and Form
by Katharine Kuh

MUSIC

42 Ives, Schoenberg—and Berg
by Irving Kolodin

AMERICA AT TABLE
SR/W Special Section

No longer a meat-and-potatoes nation, we have come of gastronomic age. A portfolio describes our newly refined tastes in food and drink.

44 Down the Alimentary Canal With Thomas Jefferson
by Evan Jones

48 And She Called It Macaroni
by Marcella Hazan

50 A Seasoning of Cookbooks
by Miriam Ungerer

52 The Yellow Culinary Peril
by James Villas

54 California Cook-in . . . at $214.29 a day
Photographs by Peter Simon

56 One Oenophile's Odyssey
by Bruce Galphin

EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

59 Learning to Live in a Pluralist Society
by James Cass

60 Can Toys Really Teach?
by H. Robert Quilitch

63 An Academic Counter-Revolution
by Fred M. Hechinger
Berkeley's new Strawberry Creek College tries to strike a balance between freedom, structure, and relevance.

GAMESMANSHIP

31 Literary Crypt No. 21

62 Wit Twister No. 34

67 Double-Crostic No. 61

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STR-7065

"If the tuner section of the STR-7065 were categorized as basically meeting its excellent specification, we'd have to rate the amplifier as one that exceeds its claims by far...THD reached the manufacturer's rated (and very low) value of 0.2% at an incredible 85 watts per channel. Remember, that Sony rates the amplifier at 70 watts mid-band, per channel and, even more conservatively, at 60 watts/channel for all frequencies from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. At all power levels below 60 watts, THD measured well below 0.15%, while IM distortion measured under 0.1% for all power levels up to 45 watts, rising to the rated 0.2% at 60 watts and remaining at less than 1.0% even at 65 watts per channel and higher."

—Reprinted from Audio, Nov. 1973

STR-7055

"The audio amplifiers of the STR-7055 delivered 51.5 watts per channel into 8 ohms at the clipping point with both channels driven"...

—Reprinted from Stereo Rev., Nov. 1973

"Using Sony's rated 35 watts per channel as a reference full-power level, harmonic distortion was under 0.1 per cent from 30 to 20,000 Hz at full power or less, rising to the rated 0.2 per cent at 20 Hz. Typically, distortion was less than 0.05 per cent."

—Reprinted from Stereo Rev., Nov. 1973

SPECIFICATIONS

	Specification	Measured in	STR-7065	STR-7055	STR-7045	STR-
TUNER SECTIONS	Sensitivity, IHF	μV	2.0	2.0	2.6	2
	S/N ratio	dB	70	70	70	
	Capture ratio	dB	1.0	1.0	1.5	
	Selectivity, IHF	dB	70	70	70	
	Image rejection	dB	70	70	70	
	IF rejection	dB	100	100	90	
	Spurious rejection	dB	90	90	90	
	AM suppression	dB	56	56	56	
	Harmonic distortion (@ 400Hz)					
	Mono	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	Stereo	%	0.5	0.5	0.5	
	FM stereo separation (@ 400Hz)	dB	38	38	38	
	FM frequency response		20Hz–15kHz ± 1dB	20Hz–15kHz ± 1dB	20Hz–15kHz ± 1dB	30Hz ±
	AM harmonic distortion	%	0.8	0.8	0.8	
	AM S/N ratio	dB	50	50	50	
PREAMPLIFIER SECTION	Input sensitivity and impedance					
	Phono	mV / ohms	2.0 / 47k	2.0 / 50k	1.8 / 47k	2.5
	Phono—low	mV / ohms				2.0
	Microphone	mV / ohms	1.0 / 47k			250
	Tuner, Aux., Tape, REC/PB	mV / ohms	150 / 50k	150 / 50k	140 / 100k	
	Output voltage and impedance					0.5
	Preamp	V / ohms	1.0 / 4.7k	1.0 / 4.7k		
	Rec out	mV / ohms	250 / 10k	250 / 10k	250 / 10k	250
	REC/PB	mV / ohms	30 / 82k	30 / 82k	30 / 82k	30
	THD @ rated output*	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	IM distortion @ rated output**	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	S/N ratio, IHF					
	Phono	dB	72	70	70	
	Phono—low	dB				
	Microphone	dB	65			
	Tuner, Aux., Tape, REC/PB	dB	90	90	90	
POWER AMPLIFIER SECTION	RMS power per channel 20Hz–20kHz					
	2-Ch., both channels driven @ 8 ohms	Watts	60	35	30	2
	4-Ch., all channels driven @ 8 ohms	Watts				
	THD @ rated output					
	2-Ch./4-Ch.	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	IM distortion @ rated output					
	2-Ch./4-Ch.	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	Power bandwidth, IHF		15Hz–35kHz	15Hz–35kHz	15Hz–30kHz	10Hz
	Frequency response @ 1W output		10Hz–100kHz + 0, — 1dB	10Hz–100kHz + 0, — 1dB	10Hz–60kHz + 0, —3dB	10Hz + 0
	S/N ratio	dB	110	100		
	Damping factor (@ 8 ohms)		50	50	50	
	Dimensions (height, width, depth)	inches	6⅞ x 18¼ x 14¾	6⅞ x 18¼ x 14¾	6⅞ x 18¼ 14¾	5
	Weight		33 lbs. 8oz.	33 lbs. 11 oz.	31 lbs. 1 oz.	19 lb

*Aux. input @ 1kHz **Aux. input, 60Hz : 7Hz = 4 : 1

STR-7055

"The overall performance of the Sony STR-7055 left nothing to be desired, and our positive reaction to the receiver was enhanced by the smoothness of its controls, its noncritical tuning, and its noise-free FM muting system."

—Reprinted from Stereo Rev., Nov. 1973

STR-7045

"The IM distortion, starting from 0.1 percent at 0.1 watt, increased to 0.2 percent at 30 watts and 0.5 percent at 40 watts ...IM distortion was less than 0.2 percent at all power levels from 30 watts down to a mere 1 *milli*watt!"

—Reprinted from Popular Electronics June 1974

"Sony's conservative power ratings were emphasized by the fact that at the rated 30 watts/channel (or less), the THD was under 0.1 percent at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz and was typically about 0.02 percent."

—June 1974 issue of Popular Electronics

"The published ratings of the STR-7045, good as they are, do not do justice to this fine receiver."

—June 1974 issue of Popular Electronics

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Thinking Through Leadership

What is the function of leadership? There would be little difficulty in obtaining general agreement on the proposition that the job of leaders is to convert large problems into opportunities, to inspire people to meet difficult challenges, and to brood creatively about purpose.

Not so long ago, it was possible for leaders to give high priority to ideas. Today the traditional functions of leadership are being shattered. The velocity of change and the complexity of events make it almost impossible for the leader to spend ample time in the contemplation and pursuit of great goals and visions. Leaders today are preoccupied with factionalisms and discontinuities. Less a manager than a mediator, the leader finds his daily agenda overloaded with situations that threaten to unsettle the entire organization. Whether we are talking about a college or a magazine or a business or the Presidency of the United States, the top job virtually requires a full-time referee.

Milton S. Eisenhower, in a valuable new book, *The President Is Calling,* writes of his experiences with eight occupants of the White House. What troubles Mr. Eisenhower most about the Presidents he served is that all of them were frustrated to the point of despair in their daily work. "Despite enormous efforts by the President," he writes, "many things he ought to do are in fact not done. . . . If a President is struggling to find the formula for peace in Vietnam, it is ridiculous for him to have to take time to settle a quarrel between federal agencies. . . ."

In many other recent works about the Presidency—books by Schlesinger, Sorensen, Reedy, Hughes—there is depressing emphasis on the extent to which leadership is preoccupied by the need to pry subordinates apart—and the higher the rank, the greater the tendency to dig in.

The difference between the Presidency today and that of the pre-Roosevelt period is represented by the multiplication of government agencies that have to be superintended and by the colossal increase in the responsibilities of the office. Mr. Eisenhower reminds us that President Lincoln received an average of 35 letters a day, which he opened and answered himself, compared with the 4,700 or more that fill the average daily White House mail bins. Also, that Grover Cleveland personally answered telephone calls to the White House. A few months ago, a battery of White House telephone operators were swamped by more than 100,000 calls on a single day.

The White House is the apex and culminating point of pressures, counter-pressures, change, counter-change, information, and opinion that have their origins in almost every place in the world. The effect of this complexity is to produce all sorts of doctrinal swirls and eddies around the President. The overlapping lines of authority between the special assistants to the President and the statutory officials; the divergences among the President's own advisers; the special concerns of members of Congress; the partisan political thrusts and maneuverings—all these crosscurrents take their toll and get in the way of major presidential functions.

The principal danger of this melancholy routine is that it prevents a chief executive from acting or thinking sequentially. To live with constant discontinuity and to have to engage in unremitting arbitration are discouraging and paralyzing experiences for anyone in a position of leadership. Nothing a President has to do is so vital as dealing with the connection between causes and effects. He has to combine an understanding of the historical background of a problem with a comprehension of its dynamics. He has to have insight into the interaction of personalities and ideas. All this requires continuity of thought. The human mind is at its poorest when it is whipsawed by distractions, unrelated items, and the need to keep disputants apart.

These problems, of course, are not confined to the Presidency. On almost every level, leadership is in danger of being enfeebled by discontinuities, of which the need to preside over continued bickering is the most insidious. Here, too, the prime casualty is thought.

There are no easy answers. Obviously, no executive—whether in government or private life—can insulate himself from the churnings of his organization. The disadvantages of total isolation for a chief executive are still very much in the public mind as the result of President Nixon's style of office. One thing, however, may be helpful: The leader can reduce the assaults on his time from internal doctrinal quarrels and personality disputes if he resolutely thinks through, develops, and clarifies the underlying philosophy and governing principles of his office. This cannot be done on the run. There is no escape from the need to provide time for sequential thought. Even if the leader can do no more than to create an aura of respect for thought within the organization itself, he will have exercised the highest responsibility of leadership. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Refractory Reminiscences

In his otherwise engaging reminiscences about the year of *SR*'s birth ("Nineteen Twenty-Four," August 10) Alistair Cooke identifies the late Charles G. Dawes as:

> a financial wizard able not only to present to the Germans a reparations bill that would guarantee the bankruptcy of the new republic and the triumph of Hitler but also to calculate the ability of Great Britain to repay her wartime loans from the U.S. at 3 percent rising to 3.5 for 62 years exactly.

The indictment is unworthy of its author. Even a glance at the record would have satisfied Mr. Cooke that Dawes was innocent of any part of the British debt settlement. This was negotiated for the United States by a government commission headed by Secretary Mellon. Nor was Dawes among his colleagues.

As the record also attests, it was precisely because the Allied Reparation Bill of 1921 was proving a disaster for debtor and creditor alike that the Dawes Committee of independent experts was summoned to meet in January 1924. Its charge was to *rescue* the Weimar Republic from imminent bankruptcy and Europe from the brink—and that is what it did.

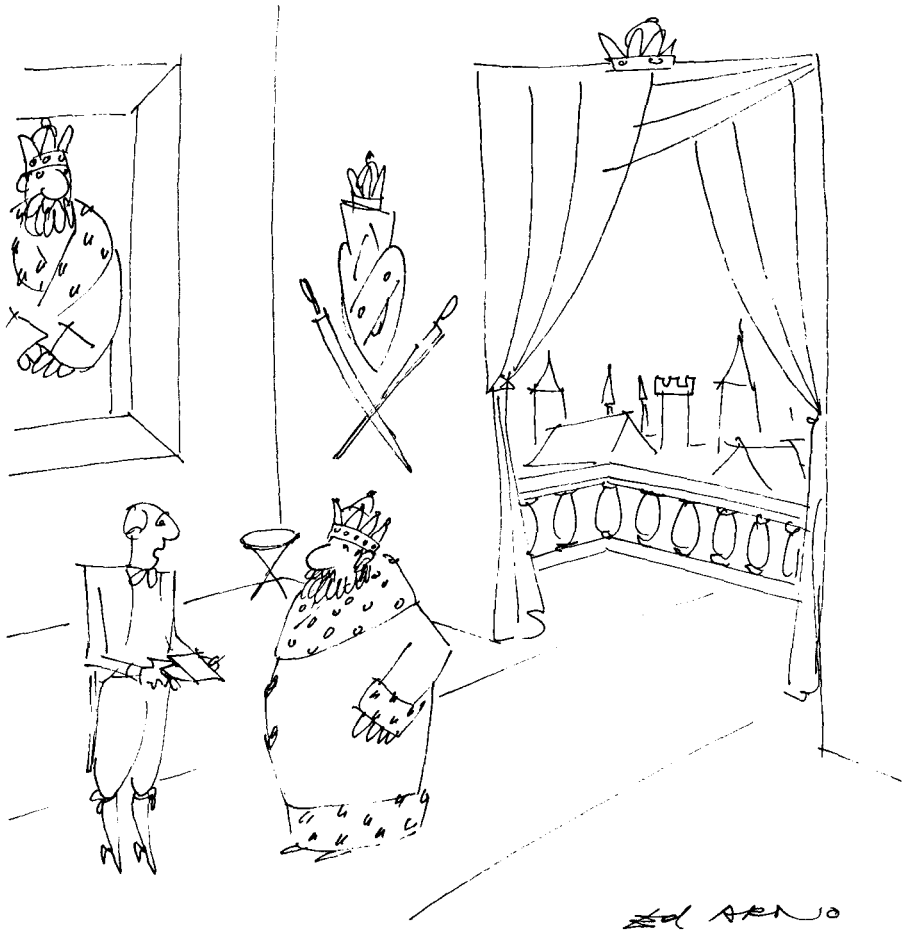
In its report the committee made it clear that its reparation settlement was purely provisional. Its stated aim—which appealed to [Gustav] Stresemann—was to test pragmatically Germany's will and capacity to pay, in amounts sustainable by a tax burden roughly equal to that of the Allies. While the plan was operative—that is, from 1924 to 1929, when all parties agreed that a "final and definitive" settlement was in order—a rehabilitated Germany was scrupulously punctual in meeting her obligations. European recovery was more than economic, as witness the Pact of Locarno (1925) and Germany's admission to the League of Nations (1926). And with the uneasy armistice yielding at last to the promise of peace, Hitler's star was in virtual eclipse.

Here the defense rests. When the time came to hammer out the final settlement, my "client's" status as ambassador to London precluded his participation. I hold no brief for the so-called Young Plan, to which the Great Depression gave short shrift, but Mr. Cooke might find its terms, and its context, worth exploring. Perhaps it would make him wary of his devil theory of history—indeed of all simplistic generalizations—especially as he rediscovered the deadly skill with which Hitler manipulated and exploited such theories for his own purposes. And as he reviewed the circumstances of Hitler's triumph, he might even conclude that, despite the depression, the bankruptcy of the Weimar Republic was less economic than political.

Everett Needham Case
Van Hornesville, N.Y.

Alistair Cooke replies:

I herewith declare a mistrial in the case of General Dawes, exonerate him of all complicity in the matter of the British debt, and declare my gratitude to Mr. Case for his enlightenment.



"Another complaint from the tourist bureau, sire. You didn't wave from the balcony yesterday."

Ancient Arts

Let me cast serious doubt on prostitution's being "the oldest profession" ("The Oldest Profession in Nevada—and Elsewhere," September 7). The late Harry Blackstone, last of the big-time magicians, competently affirmed to me that *magic* is the oldest profession. Blackstone had made a considerable study of his art, describing it as a seeming manipulation of the supernatural and quoting that it produced observable results by means of non-observable operations. The earliest magicians, said Blackstone, were the primal shamans or medicine men, and they followed their profession before primitive woman learned she could use herself for profit.

Ken Murray
Sturgis, Mich.

Does Roger Williams know, or has he heard, that the prostitutes' organization COYOTE stands for Cast Off Your Old Tired Ethics?

Samuel E. Stokes, Jr.
Alstead, N.J.

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World Progress Report

Le Plus ça Change

In France progress often seems to mean a devaluation of continental culture in favor of transatlantic innovation. Blue jeans replace *haute couture,* while *haute cuisine* can't hold a candle to MacDonald's on the Champs Élysées. But when it comes to their mother tongue, the French try to hold the line against the invasion of foreign idioms like *le weekend, le drugstore,* or *le shopping.* For decades the august and incorruptible French Academy has been laboring to bring forth a new official dictionary, which will be the very last word about every word in the French language. The orthodox lexicon lags behind the vernacular, however. At a recent weekly meeting, the academy scholars added nine more words to their list of certified definitions, bringing them up to *d.*

Pure Water

More than 2 million thirsty Muscovites will soon have a new alternative to vodka when the city inaugurates its 300-million-gallon-per-day water purification plant. Instead of the familiar chlorine process, which often imparts an unpleasant chemical taste and odor to drinking water, the new Russian plant will be the largest in the world to purify water with an ozone treatment that is reported to produce odorless liquid that has a pure, springlike taste. When a recent breakdown in a smaller ozone plant in Kiev caused a temporary return to the chlorine process, reports Moscow water-supply director Georgi P. Kudrashov, "the people complained that the water had gone bad." Also, many Parisians, if they forgo their grape juice for an occasional drink of water, enjoy the benefits of ozone purification.

Ozone, the three-atom form of oxygen, is formed in nature when the electrical energy in a lightning discharge splits a normal two-atom oxygen molecule into single-oxygen atoms, which then join with other oxygen molecules to form O_3. In the ozone-treatment process, the odd oxygen molecule in the unstable triplex combines readily with contaminants, purifying the water.

According to a report in *Pravda,* Russian tests have shown that in equal concentrations ozone is 100 times as effective as chlorine in killing polio virus. And although the ozone process is more expensive, because of the large amount of energy necessary for synthesizing O_3, the difference is overcome by the fact that a single ozone treatment can substitute for the two-stage purification often necessary with chlorine.

Fertile Imagination

As more and more cities are treating their noxious sewage before it is pumped into the nearest river or stream, they often find that they have traded one problem for another: What to do with the nasty sludge that is left after the water has been returned to nature? The problem in this case, however, may prove to be the solution in another. A growing number of communities have revived an ancient idea with new technology, turning their unwanted sewage wastes into something the whole world wants very much: fertilizer. Cities like Milwaukee, Chicago, Houston, and Winston-Salem, N.C., have already demonstrated the practicality of returning urban organic wastes to the soil.

The latest city to join the ranks of fertilizer producers is Washington, D.C., which is faced with a scarcity of landfill sites for its sludge and a bill of up to $25 per ton for incineration. Instead, the D.C. sewer authority will pay from $4 to $7 to a company called Organic Recycling to turn 250 tons per day of stinking sludge into a product called OrganaGro, which will be marketed to eager farmers and gardeners at $5 for a 50-pound bag.

In the Organic Recycling process, air is heated to 1,100 degrees by an oil burner, which can be adapted to burn the gases given off by the sludge itself. The hot air is fed into a doughnut-shaped chamber, 23 feet in diameter, where it blows the wet sludge around at the rate of as many as five circuits per second. The dried, powdery result is compressed for sale while the air is deodorized and recycled.

According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which has been watching the Washington operation closely, "Flash-dried raw sludge appears to be one of the desirable ways to be going." However, experts warn that sewage with a heavy mineral content from industrial pollution will produce a fertilizer that might poison the soil.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Admit it, you're Rubenesque."

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You can help save Serita Rimini for $15 a month. Or [illegible]ge.

The Rimini family
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nestled among olive trees and vineyards.
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For you—educated, involved, and in touch with your own heart—there are many rewards. Correspond with a child. Receive a photo and progress reports. Reach out to another human being. That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

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Enclosed is my first payment:

☐ $180 annually ☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $90 semi-annually ☐ $15 monthly

☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $_____
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SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

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To start with the obvious, consider the engine. It's a double overhead camshaft six, with a transistorized ignition system and a Solex compound carburetor. That engineering bulletin translates into the following:

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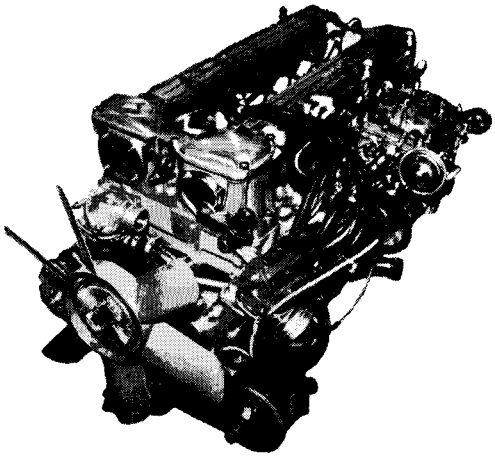
Lessons from a classic

In every detail save power train, the new 280S is the direct descendant of the now classic 450SE Sedans.

The examples abound: Suspension is fully independent. Handling



The Mercedes-Benz double overhead camshaft six. Efficient power plant of the new 280S.

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Safety first

The total Mercedes-Benz commitment to safety is abundantly evident in the new 280S. The safety elements designed into the 280S represent the latest Mercedes-Benz technology. They derive from decades of meticulous research and development.

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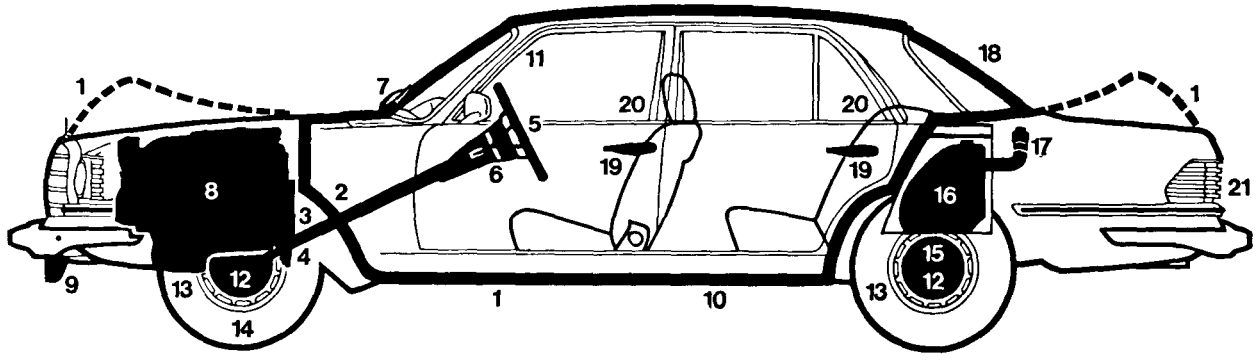

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5. Safety steering wheel
6. Deformable steering hub
7. Articulated windshield wipers
8. Double overhead camshaft engine, 4-speed auto-transmission
9. Halogen fog lights
10. All-welded construction
11. Aerodynamic rain channels
12. 4-wheel disc brakes
13. Radial tires
14. Zero steering offset
15. Independent suspension
16. Steel-encased fuel tank
17. Side safety filler neck
18. Self-clearing rear glass
19. Safety cone door locks
20. Fully padded interior
21. Self-clearing rear lights

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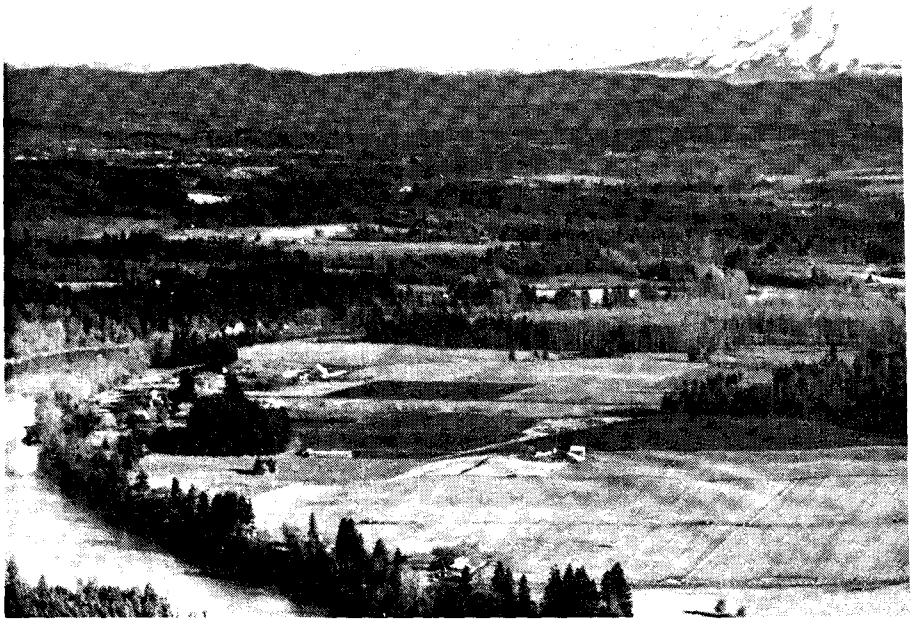
Oregon: The Fight for "Survival"

The green forests and blue waters of the Beaver State are the prize in a statewide battle between the forces of conservation and industrial growth.



Oregon State Highway Department

Mt. Hood hovering high over a winding Willamette River—Rid of its refuse

by Roger M. Williams

Beneath the lush tranquility of Oregon these days is tension and a sense of impending and perhaps momentous conflict. Beautiful, bountiful, coveted Oregon is arriving at two major crossroads in its celebrated journey toward "controlled growth" and perpetual "livability." First, the eight-year reign of Tom McCall, who may well be the nation's most progressive governor, is ending. He has been the heart and voice of his state's controlled-growth movement, and the man who succeeds him won't even begin to fulfill that function. Second, Oregon's land-use legislation, on balance the toughest in the United States, now faces its first severe tests before the legislature and the citizenry at large.

As the crossroads loom nearer, there is much brave talk about how Oregon will take the road to salvation of its environment and life-style. In fact, no one knows just what Oregon will do if confronted by the massed forces of land developers, industrialists, property owners, and local politicians. But the nation will be watching, because Oregon has willfully and persistently made itself the chief test pilot of America's burgeoning effort to regulate the use of its land and other natural resources.

Oregon began enacting first-of-a-kind legislation in the mid-Sixties, when most Americans still regarded environmentalists as cranky bird-watchers. The first notable law was a Clean Water Act requiring that state approval be obtained by anyone who wanted to discharge wastes into a state waterway. That and supporting legislation resulted in the widely hailed cleanup of the Willamette River. The Willamette was filled with the common refuse of modern civilization and then some; now it teems with fish, and it is swimmable virtually in downtown Portland. Oregon's air-pollution statute antedated the 1970 federal act. Its "beach bill" set aside many stretches of seashore for public use and ordered the construction of access roads so that the public could reach the beaches. Its "bottle bill," the state's best-known piece of legislation, banned non-returnable bottles and pull-tab cans.

It is typical of Oregon that the first important action regarding land use was taken, not by academics or professional environmentalists, but by maverick politicians. Although the term is loosely applied these days, Oregon has had a procession of genuine political mavericks. The late Wayne Morse was, of course, one of them; Tom McCall is another. A third is a Willamette Valley dairy farmer named Hector Macpherson, who developed Senate Bill 100, the state's principal law regulating land use. Whatever motivation Macpherson needed was right at hand: The valley, which comprises 12 percent of the state's land, has become home to two-thirds of its population and two out of three newcomers as well. Beginning in 1963 Macpherson inspired the formation of a planning commission in his county; mobilized local support to "bring order out of chaos," starting "in our own beloved Willamette Valley"; was elected to the Senate; overcame legislative indifference and hostility by energy and persuasiveness; and wound up, in 1973, as the father of S.B. 100.

Not only is Hector Macpherson no raving liberal; he is a Republican. But the traditional political distinctions mean little in Oregon. McCall is a Republican, too. Morse was, at one time or another, just about everything. Oregonians note with pride that a conservative Republican was the champion of legislative efforts to decriminalize the use of marijuana. The state is unusually hospitable to fresh ideas, and newcomers who espouse them can quickly find a place in the political process.

One such newcomer is a Ralph Nader-inspired, student-funded "research group." The director of this group, Neil Roblee, believes that the much-maligned white middle class—the overwhelming majority in Oregon—has been instrumental in the state's receptivity to action in behalf of the environment. So has the fact that the state is not dominated by industrial giants. Further, the rural ethic—open land, nourishing Mother Nature—is honored everywhere, even in areas where it has been subdivided or paved over. Larry Peterson of the state Office of Energy notes the inconsistent public attitudes that have resulted: "The Willamette Valley is loaded with dune buggies and boats and new additions on houses. Except for a few vegetables they grow in their gardens, the people there are totally dependent on city things, like electric power. But they all tell us, 'I want recreation areas and a good environment.'"

If that attitude seems hypocritical, it nonetheless provides the foundation of public support that has enabled the en-

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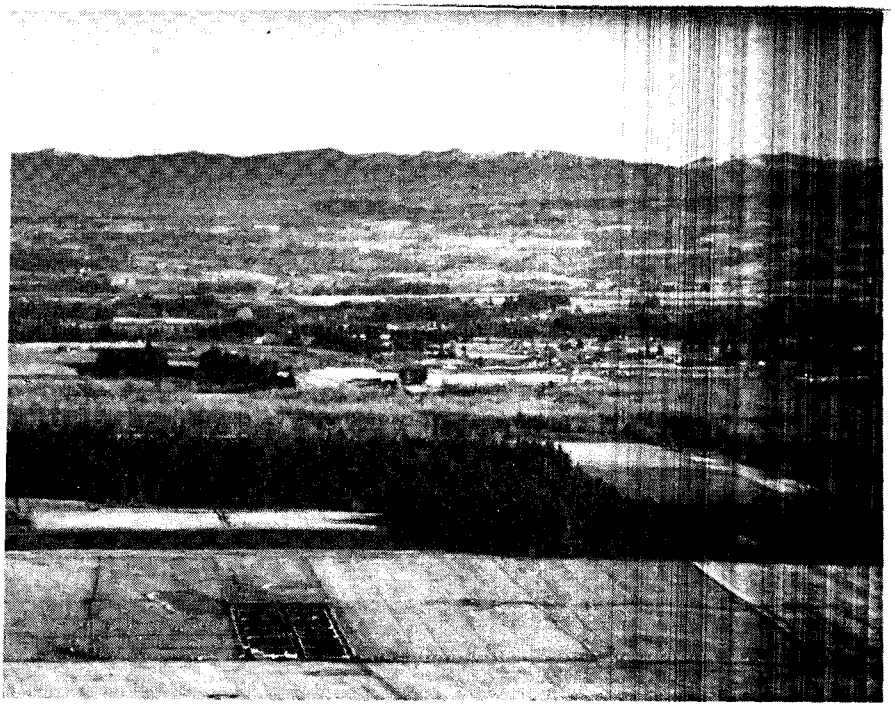

with fish, the Willamette is virtually swimmable today in downtown Portland.

ronmentalists to do their work. Even ıose who plunder the land and other :sources here profess allegiance to Ore-on the Unspoilable, if only out of self-ıterest.

Yet the major credit for Oregon's re-ıarkable series of environmental laws ıust go to Governor McCall. To be sure, ⁄IcCall wields no swift sword of righ-:ousness. He willingly compromises dur-ıg the political roughhousing over con-roversial legislation (he compromised ılenty in order to get S.B. 100 past its op-ıonents). In addition, his environmental :scutcheon bears some smudges. He has ɔeen, for instance, a defender of high-ʌay projects that have drawn the united ɔpposition of environmentalists; and :hreatened as the Willamette Valley may ɔe, he has not tried to prevent the cur-rent widening of the interstate highway that runs the length of it. McCall's real contribution to "the livability thrust," as one of his lieutenants calls it, has been leadership. Like him or not, almost everyone in Oregon would agree that McCall has articulated provocative public policy with a forcefulness and an honesty seldom seen at the higher levels of American politics. His speechmaking in behalf of controlled growth has ranged far afield: to Congress and to college and community groups. (His political aspirations have ranged equally far, to third-party coalitions and the presidency. These have been dashed by the fall of Nixon and the rise of Ford.)

McCall's unorthodox public statements—he once characterized a typical Spiro Agnew speech as "rotten" and "bigoted"—have been complemented by unorthodox public actions. Two years ago he imported a group of intense young devotees of Florida's guru of "energetics," Floyd Odum, and set them up in a state-financed Office of Energy. Neither McCall nor anybody else wholly understands what the people in the energy office are talking about. Nonetheless, they are about to produce, for Oregon, the nation's first "net energy" study, which will outline the limits of the state's energy resources and suggest ways to use and conserve them.

Nowadays environmental issues often collide with each other, and like a justice weighing competing constitutional rights, McCall finds himself deciding which is the more desirable of two goals. He recently interrupted a discussion with a visitor to say, half to himself, "You know, in lumbering a lot of the tree is not used. It's burned as slash. Now Weyerhaeuser tells me they have a process that will permit utilization of 100 percent of the tree. But it will increase air pollution from their stacks by 30 percent. What do you do?" McCall can brood about that in the privacy of his small office, but other examples of the new complexities of environmentalism are demanding answers now. In the town of Corvallis, for instance, residents are strenuously protesting plans for building a Hewlett-Packard electronics-parts plant—a facility that McCall himself has worked hard to get, because it is, in his words, "clean, non-power-using, non-resource-destroying, and it will employ 2,000 people." However, Corvallis has come to cherish its small, university-town atmosphere, and it fears the secondary effects that any plant of that size will produce. It also fears that it will share the fate of Eugene, the fast-growing home of the University of Oregon. Corvallis has sprouted bumper stickers proclaiming "Don't Eugene-ize Corvallis," a variation on the state's popular slogan, "Don't Californicate Oregon."

Some critics contend that Oregon's controlled-growth policy (or "no-growth," as it's sometimes called) is really not a policy at all, but a handful of laws, plus a lot of rhetoric from McCall and his supporters. They contend further that whatever there is hasn't worked so far. McCall acknowledges that. By last May he was admitting that the slogans and jokes designed to "unsell" Oregon had "boomeranged." That they had was hardly surprising. Telling outsiders how great a place will be if they stay away only makes them want all the more to come. Oregon is the nation's eleventh-fastest-growing state, with a growth rate three times that of California and twice that of Washington. And the Oregon growth rate is increasing: The population (currently just over 2 million) increased 18 percent during the Sixties but at the present pace will increase 25 percent during the Seventies.

Neil Roblee, who describes the Oregon way of life as "sort of nineteenth century," claims that the only "control" on the state's growth at the moment is the sluggish economy—particularly the hard-hit housing industry, on which much of Oregon's well-being depends. That is pretty much the case—at the moment. Whether it will remain the case depends largely on the fate of the new land-use law and the manner in which its provisions are enforced.

As originally drafted, S.B. 100 required that all of Oregon's land be comprehensively planned, with the state overseeing and, if necessary, reversing planning decisions that would be made by 14 specially created regional groups. A new Department of Land Conservation and Development would be empowered to grant or withhold permits involving the use of particular kinds of land and specific areas: for instance, land adjacent to scenic waterways, recreation and wilderness areas, highway interchanges. It would also have the power to exercise primary jurisdiction over areas and activities it designated as "critical"—the Columbia River Gorge, for example, or the siting of a new power plant. And, to rationalize all of that, it would have the power to estab-

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"One threat to Oregon's land-use planning is the decline in commitment to it as a political issue."

lish land-use goals and guidelines. Perhaps most importantly, these steps could be taken without the approval of either local governments or the legislature.

If this system was clearly the way to do comprehensive land-use planning, it was just as clearly a political impossibility. Developers and other businessmen, as well as county officials and legislators, all descended on S.B. 100. So did landowners, large and small. Their arguments were, and still are, primarily economic but clothed in the Constitution and the American way. At meetings across the state, speakers denounced land-use planning as a violation of inherent American rights. A free man, they said, can do with his land as he chooses. Left unspoken, but well understood, was the economic connection: Growth means money, especially to those who have growth's essential ingredient—land.

In 10 days of political maneuvering, S.B. 100 was heavily revised. The idea of regional planning groups was tossed out, with the planning responsibility left instead to the state's 36 counties—the governmental levels most subject to the lures and pressures of land developers. The power to designate "critical areas" was made subject to legislative approval. The power to grant or withhold permits was reduced to a power to review those granted by other state agencies. To operate the new department, McCall had to beg funds from the state's Emergency Funding Board.

A year and one-half later, the department remains seriously understaffed and underfinanced. To some observers, like Roblee, its future promises to be little better than its past. Yet enough of the original S.B. 100 remains in the present law to launch Oregon toward effective land-use planning and controlled growth—if the people at the center are sufficiently tough and determined.

At the center is the seven-member Land Conservation and Development Commission (L.C.D.C.), appointed by the governor. And at the center of the L.C.D.C. is its chairman, L. B. Day. Day is a curious political figure whose mystique seems to be as great as his considerable talent. He served with distinction as head of the state's Department of Environmental Quality, returning to his regular job with the Teamsters' Union primarily in order to safeguard his union-pension rights. He remained very close to McCall, however, and when the original S.B. 100 was at the point of death, McCall put him in charge of the delicate resuscitation. By all accounts, Day did a brilliant job, and it gained for him the chairmanship of the L.C.D.C.

A fast-talking political charmer, Day seems genuinely committed to the philosophy of controlled growth—despite the fact that organized labor, in Oregon and elsewhere, regards it with high skepticism. He is a natural activist who, according to a man who has worked closely with him, "rides a piece of legislation like a surfboard." Day has already found a fresh target for his L.C.D.C. to attack: the federal government's land-management program. The United States owns 52 percent of the land in Oregon and has not been managing it to Day's satisfaction. "I'm tired of their telling us they can't replant it or provide the roads for it. We're going to set up our regulations, and if the federal agencies don't follow them, we're gonna take 'em on." There is little question that Day can muster a majority of the L.C.D.C. on that issue or any other that is likely to come along. McCall saw to it that the commission was dominated by adherents of controlled growth; and because the members have staggered terms, it will be some time before succeeding governors can alter the balance.

Of the hazards facing Day and the L.C.D.C., two will converge next January, when the legislature reconvenes and a new governor is installed. As this is written, the favorite in the November gubernatorial election is Democrat Robert Straub, a moderate-to-liberal. Straub played down the growth issue during his campaign against Republican Victor Atiyeh, a conservative state senator whose candidacy has sent shivers through the ranks of Oregon environmentalists. Even a Straub victory will not elate the environmentalists, however. They realize that without strong leadership from the governor's office, the drive for comprehensive land-use planning may well collapse.*

The legislators who weakened S. 100 are expected to try to weaken further. A frontal assault is less like than an attempt to withhold on again the funds sought by the Depa ment of Land Conservation and D velopment to aid the county planni efforts. Department director Arno Cogan says he will not submit to th sort of humiliation a second tim "We'll tell the legislature, 'Give us t money to do the job right, or we'll ju fold up this program.'" Cogan al foresees an attempt by "fanatical a vocates" of comprehensive planning supported by opportunistic opponen of it—"to get the department active many more areas"; this, he feels, woul place too much demand on the depar ment's paltry resources and diminish i effectiveness. Cogan will present to t legislature the goals and guidelines r quired by S.B. 100 as well as requests fc permission to act on a dozen "critic activities" and eight "critical areas."

A less tangible threat to Oregon land-use planning is the apparent de cline in commitment to it as a politic issue. McCall and others deny that ther has been a decline; they point to livel citizen participation in the series of pub lic hearings that have been held by th Department of Land Conservation an Development. But the evidence, thoug fragmentary, is persuasive: the defea of the gubernatorial candidates wh espoused controlled growth; the repea of House Bill 2607, which provide some protection for the purchasers o plots in Oregon's mushrooming subdi visions; the demise of the James G Blaine Society, Oregon's "unofficial un welcoming committee," and of the zea that went into the "Keep Oregon Ore gon" campaign (driving through centra

*In Oregon and elsewhere, advocates of land-use planning are hoping for the passage of federal legislation introduced last June by Sen. Henry Jackson and Rep. Morris Udall. S.-268, as the measure is called, passed the Senate easily but failed by four votes in the House—principally, some observers believe, because of congressional preoccupation with Watergate and its political overtones. By early fall, the Ford administration had given no indication of its feelings about federal initiatives in land use, but the backers of S.-268 are going to revive it in any case. Because land-use regulation is still anathema to the great majority of congressmen and their constituents, the bill only provides incentives for states willing to regulate. The prime incentive is money; Oregon, for example, would receive about $800,000, which is five times the amount provided by the legislature in its initial funding of the state's Department of Land Conservation and Development.

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Oregon recently, I did not notice a single no-growth bumper sticker); the reluctance of politicians campaigning this fall to make growth an issue.

"The candidates all talked instead about the need to balance the environment and the economy," says state representative Vera Katz. "The mood in the state is changing. McCall has pushed very hard, and I think a lot of people are saying to themselves now, 'he did a super job; Oregon ought to be first in these things--but we need a little breathing room.' " Besides, says Katz, "stopping growth is a dangerous thing to advocate in a time of unemployment. And to a lot of people, it means abortion as well. So the politicians are being careful."

Still, there is a good deal of hopeful thinking going on in Oregon about how growth really *could* be stopped. I asked a number of Oregonians concerned with the matter how they, given the authority to preserve their state in its present uncluttered splendor, would go about it. Though fragmentary, the answers provide a fascinating glimpse of what may be the future for all of us. Tom McCall talks of the need to "deploy" population, to shunt incoming people and businesses away from the Portland-Eugene corridor and into uncrowde areas. "There are so many beautifu places to live in this state," he says, "an once people are packed in anywhere undoing that is an almost hopeless task.' If he had the power, McCall says, h would "freeze the density" in the mos overbuilt areas.

Willamette University economist Russell Beaton would slow Oregon to a 1 percent growth rate (instead of the present 3 to 4 percent) principally by giving the state broad powers. "The counties are the chief cavers-in to private interest," he says, "partly because urban growth has always been financially re-

New Grass on the River Bank

Dan W. Lufkin, chairman of the board of Donaldson, Lufkin, and Jenrette, served from 1971 to 1973 as Connecticut's first commissioner of environmental protection. The following is excerpted from his book about the changing role of state government, No Place to Hide, *to be published by David McKay Co., Inc., in 1975.*

Shortly after becoming commissioner of environmental protection, I called together the department heads and made a very simple request. Passing around copies of a letter I had just sent, I said, "Do you understand what I've written at the end?" They all scanned the paper carefully and nodded their heads. "What does it mean?" I asked.

"Well," said one, "it's your way of closing the letter. Like 'Sincerely yours.' "

"Look again," I said. "It says, *At your service.* That's more than a closing--it's a beginning. And it's the way I want every letter coming out of this office to end. But more than that, I want you to mean it and live it."

"That's going to take a lot of time from our 'regular work,' " said one.

"No," I said. "That *is* our 'regular work.' "

I soon learned, however, that our "regular work" was all too often slowed by creaky bureaucratic gears. At every level of government there is a profusion of "life forms" and institutional systems that must be dealt with--or "regular work" will halt altogether.

One example among many comes to mind. In the spring of 1971, Connecticut was mandated by the Federal Air Implementation Act to develop a comprehensive statewide plan to meet rigorous federal air-emission standards. Target date was January 1972, a mere three months after the department was officially in business. In 90 days we had to develop a plan that would dictate the quality of Connecticut's air for decades to come.

Most of us in the new department were innocent of the inner workings of the "system" and totally ignorant of the specifics required under the act. But state government gave us the authority and flexibility to get the job done. Within a few weeks we had gotten together a citizens' committee. And when the deadline came, we had our plan. The creaking, unwieldy machinery of the old state bureaucracy was never called into play. We simply bypassed it.

Then, after completion, all the ironies of bureaucratic state government descended upon us. As vast a plan as this was, as difficult as its preparation had been, somehow our first "draft" was being held up. Unless it was sent out, we could not get timely federal approval. I sent an emissary to the Environmental Health Office to find out about the delay.

When our scout returned, I couldn't believe the answer. We hadn't included a rubber stamp for a return address. As we were a brand-new agency, we had not received that vital piece of equipment. Because it was not a budgeted item, no one could figure out how to solve the problem of obtaining one.

I issued a directive: "Either write out the return address by hand or get a rubber stamp from Public Works within 12 hours." In some buried office, no doubt, a dim, devoted civil servant shook his head sadly, looked around carefully to see that he wasn't being watched, wrote "Department of Environmental Protection" on the envelope, and dropped it into the mailbox.

The unbudgeted rubber-stamp incident was unfortunately only the beginning of a seemingly endless chapter on bureaucratic financing. All too often a budget was treated as a bureaucratic straitjacket, not as an expression of the public will.

In every area of decision-making where quality of life is concerned, direct accountability rather than bureaucratic posturing should be observed by local officials who expect to keep both their jobs and the public trust. Sometimes it seems easier to work within, rather than against, the limits of the system. But in situations where candor and responsiveness are required to maintain the confidence of the people, a more direct and open approach is demanded.

My own ordeal of fire came during the heightened controversy over a proposed circumferential highway around Hartford. Because the governor had come out strongly in favor of the road, I felt I was in no position to undercut his authority or to damage his credibility. The department had conducted a preliminary study of the environmental impact of the highway. From this, we had concluded that there were serious objections to its construction--not so much because it might damage the ecosystem 100 yards to the left and

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varding for them. If their views differ rom the state's, the state's must prevail."

THE ISSUE of county vs. state authority s uppermost in the minds of Oregonians vorrying about how the new land-use aw is going to be administered. S.B. 00 gives the Department of Land Conervation and Development the power o write the plan for any county that vrites a bad one or none at all; the state :an even appropriate the delinquent :ounty's cigarette- and liquor-tax rev-:nues to pay the cost. But skeptics doubt he power will be exercised fully and elentlessly. They point to the fickleness of legislatures, the leverage of business and industry, and the deviousness and resilience of local politicians. They also point to the fate of S.B. 10, an earlier Oregon land-use law; its "requirement" that localities submit plans was ignored in half the cases, and the McCall-led administration did not force the issue. McCall readily acknowledges that failure ("one county sent me a telegram saying, 'No way, governor, no way' ") but says it "built a base for what we want to do now. It all comes down to the attitudes of the people involved, and our commission [L.C.D.C.] has the right attitudes. We're going to come closer to doing this job effectively, in an unarbitrary and evenhanded way, than anybody else has ever come."

The man at the center of the center, L. B. Day, reaffirms that determination. "There's going to be local control," Day says, "only if the local officials subscribe to our goals and regulations. And I'm gonna push, all right. There shouldn't be a question in anybody's mind about that." Maybe not. But in the newly emerging areas of land-use planning and growth control a great deal remains to be proved—including whether, within the present framework of politics and government, they can be done at all. □

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right of the road, but because of more complex effects on the community—its population growth and density, the dislocation of people, and the consequences for their health and safety.

I transmitted our reservations to the governor and to state and federal departments of transportation. But I did not feel, in the light of contrary views expressed by members of the state government, that I should take a public position diametrically opposed to theirs, short of resigning.

So I worked behind the scenes to persuade the governor and the Department of Transportation that the construction of not only this highway but also all highways in the region should be subject to a comprehensive land-use transportation study, weighing the probable trade-offs involved in a multiplicity of complex highway decisions versus present and projected land use.

To the environmental activists for whom the road had become the most compelling issue of the day, my positions seemed ambiguous at best. But I thought that if I had projected myself as a saintly advocate of the environment, I might have pleased one element of my constituency—making the governor and his commissioner of transportation look like either villains or fools or both. The governor would have been forced to react; the Department of Transportation would have withdrawn its cooperation. And, while we might have won the battle of this highway, we would have damaged our ability to fight even more important battles that lay ahead.

What happened? The newspapers got hold of my letter to the State Department of Transportation concerning the highway's environmental impact. "Lufkin Weak on Highway" was one headline. At the end of the political and procedural road, however, everything happened as I had hoped. The governor halted construction. The environmentalists transferred their attentions elsewhere. And our long-sought land-use transportation study of trade-offs and our comprehensive review got under way.

As I look back now, I may have erred on the side of bureaucratic cooperation. Perhaps all public servants should be totally candid in letting the people know where they stand.

Thus when the Department of Environmental Protection was helping put together a pesticide bill, I was very sensitive to the bill's language as it applied to farmers. As a farmer myself, I know we are among the most careful and attentive users of pesticides. Because of this, I could not see the justification for requiring them to be licensed before they could spray. Caught up in bureaucratic red tape and procedural requirements, they could lose irreplaceable spraying time, which could adversely, if not ruinously, affect their crops.

When the bill was released for hearings, it included a federal provision for the licensing of private users. This was only pro forma, but when the newspapers blew it up out of all proportion, I was afraid the farmers would think that they were being discriminated against and that the law would make their tough job even tougher.

On the day of the hearing, with a group of aroused farmers in attendance as well as all local media, I made sure I was the first one recognized by the co-chairman of the legislature's environmental committee.

He called on me, saying, "Would you please state your name and your occupation."

"My name is Commissioner Dan Lufkin, from Newtown," I said, "and I'm a dairy farmer. I want to set the record straight and guarantee to you that farmers will not be adversely affected by this bill."

Just that close identification with their problems by one of their own number was enough to defuse the issue for the farmers and reassure them that the licensing in question would not complicate their lives or threaten their crops.

TWO YEARS after becoming commissioner, as I was struggling with my conscience and my judgment, deciding whether or not I should leave office, I heard something that helped tip the scales. One of the department's field inspectors had been taking some samples of the Naugatuck River below Waterbury. As he worked, he struck up a conversation with an old man who had lived near the river most of his life. "You know," the old man said, "the grass has come back on the river bank for the first time in years. Must be a sign that the water is getting cleaner."

I took this as a sign that the most important things I could accomplish in this job were now behind me. It was not very dramatic evidence of success. Just a few blades of new grass on a much-used river bank. But to me, it was an unmistakable omen that the work, the sacrifice, the hearings, and the legislation—the money and the manpower, all those phone calls, and the letters signed "At your service"—were coming together at last. □

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BOOKS

Braving New Worlds

Aldous Huxley: A Biography
by Sybille Bedford
Knopf, 864 pp., $15.00

Reviewed by Harry T. Moore

Aldous Huxley, whose prose was nimble and whose ideas were arresting, is now not generally considered to be a "major" writer. His life seems, outwardly at least, to have been a fairly quiet one; yet Sybille Bedford's biography of him shows that it was interesting and eventful.

We may—with oversimplicity because various features recur—divide Huxley's literary career into three phases: (1) beginning with the cynically satirical novels of the Twenties, (2) followed by a new period starting with his mischievous view of the future, *Brave New World* (1932), and continuing through that decade chiefly with pacifist tracts, until the Second World War, and (3) ending with a kind of scientific mysticism, involving explorations of the consciousness, sometimes with the help of ESP attempts or of LSD. He died in 1963.

Mrs. Bedford begins this book, naturally enough, with Huxley's family background; as surely everyone knows, he was related to three prominent Victorians: Thomas Henry Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. He was born in 1894, and after his mother had died of cancer, when he was 10, her sister, Mrs. Ward, helped to bring him up. When he was 20, another demoralizing death occurred in the family when one of his older brothers, Trevenen, killed himself.

A few years earlier Aldous had suffered a grave personal injury at Eton, when some infected dust blew into his eyes and inflamed them. The injury was at first neglected, and by the time he received proper medical attention, his sight had been impaired for life. He was virtually blind for 18 months. During that time he taught himself braille as well as touch-typing and piano playing. Finally he was able to go back to his reading; for most of his life he wore thick glasses, though in his later years he undertook rigid optical exercises that enabled him to read without spectacles.

When he went to Oxford, at 19, he had already given up his ambition to become a scientist, because he couldn't use a microscope, but his versatility made possible his career as a writer, first as the published author of witty verses. He took up journalism in London in 1919, after marrying Maria Nys, a Belgian refugee. His novels and essays, as well as publishers' advances, soon made it possible for him and his wife, and later their son Matthew, to live abroad, and they spent most of their time in the warm places of the earth: Italy, southern France, southern California.

Huxley: "More of a rationalist than a novelist."

Mrs. Bedford deals fully with all these events, but she doesn't attempt to analyze Huxley's fiction, preferring to serve up large chunks of it buttered by the comments of others. She deals more thoroughly with his ideas, which is appropriate enough since Huxley was more of a rationalist than a novelist, and today even his clever early ventures into fiction look thin and pale when compared with the slightly later work, in a similar vein, of Evelyn Waugh. But none of this diminishes the interest of Huxley's life story, frequently heightened by the appearance of his colorful friends, such as the rollicking poet Roy Campbell or the sexually supple Nancy Cunard. Maria Huxley usually condoned her husband's little affairs, even encouraged them ("they could compare notes"), because they weren't serious, except in the case of Nancy Cunard, whom he pursued intently and not very successfully, giving up only when his wife threatened to walk out.

For all Mrs. Bedford's entertaining presentations of lively characters, however, she has failed to investigate all the possibilities of some of Huxley's most important relationships. His friend D. H. Lawrence, whose letters are sometimes quoted, remains in the distance as a personality, though the account of his death and burial provided in a letter from the poet Robert Nichols to a friend, apparently published here for the first time, is a nasty but highly valuable contribution that takes up nearly four pages of this book. In another area, Mrs. Bedford should have investigated Huxley's contacts with John Middleton Murry, his senior editor on the *Athenaeum* in 1919–20. Why did Huxley lampoon Murry as the absurdly unctuous Denis Burlap in *Point Counter Point* in 1928? Mrs. Bedford tries throughout to suggest that such caricatures were for the most part Huxleyan inventions, deriving in a minor way from actual people—but this explanation is simply not true. Burlap in both appearance and utterance is an uncomfortably detailed replica of Murry, as those of us who knew him can attest. So, *why?* (Incidentally, Huxley and Murry years later became at least mildly friendly; here we have Burlap characteristically turning the other cheek.)

Another of Huxley's targets was a very good friend who broke off their relationship for a while: Lady Ottoline Morrell. In 1916 she had suffered a painful women-in-love jabbing from Lawrence and, five years after that, sustained a ragged chrome-yellow wound from Huxley. Even his family felt that in his novels he used barbs a bit too freely; his stepmother noted that he seemed "curiously unaware that these things hurt people." Otherwise—and Mrs. Bedford provides plenty of examples—he

Harry T. Moore is a research professor at Southern Illinois University. His most recent books are The Priest of Love: A Biography of D. H. Lawrence, *and* Henry James.

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as gentle, kind, and always generous.

Today it is difficult for some of us to mpathize with Huxley's continued acifism after Hitler broke loose. If Hitr had won, the Huxleys of the world, long with millions of others, would ave been clamped inside prison farms or a seven-day week of drudgery, year fter year.

In spite of his advocacy of pacifism, Huxley, amusingly enough, was skepical of anti-war movements and similar ctivities. But he could make shrewd tatements for pacifists to use, such as he statement, which appeared in a 1936 amphlet Mrs. Bedford quotes from, hat, although animals fight over food nd sex, "man is unique in organizing he mass murder of his own species."

All this is serious enough, but the ook is also full of comedy, some of it rom Huxley's own witticisms and some rom such anecdotes as the one about n unsuccessful French writer, jealous f Huxley's success, who lived next door o him in a Paris suburb:

When Aldous stepped into his garden the *homme des lettres,* lying in wait, would turn the garden hose on him. Aldous got wet and Maria very angry. After the third time she went to the police, who came to remonstrate with this unamiable character. He told them *"Cet Anglais n'a qu'a rentrer chez lui"* ("This Englishman just has to go back home").

One of the occasions on which Huxley's own comic side manifests itself is in a story about one of his attempts at extramarital lovemaking. Mrs. Bedford reports that it "deeply shocked" its target, a young married woman:

What puzzled her most, she told me [Sybille Bedford], was the delicacy of his approach —she could have dealt more easily with a straight pass. "You would have thought," she said, "he was a Chinaman." I repeated this to Aldous (irresistible). The wretch went off to the British Museum to get a picture postcard of some grinning mandarin which he sent to Sally, signed, "From your devoted Chinaman. A.H."

This book also has a few grim episodes, particularly the descriptions of the slow deaths (from cancer) of Huxley and his wife. Maria died in 1953, at the age of 51; Mrs. Bedford, despite her general sympathy with Huxley, makes plain that his obsession with his work kept him unaware of the seriousness of his wife's illness. But when he at last realized that she was on her deathbed, he was full of both tenderness and grief. And Maria was indeed an exceptional woman, as the letters from her that are quoted in this book show. She had the agonizing duty of the wife whose husband, when not grinding away at his typewriter, is absorbed in thinking about his next encounter with it. In one of the most illuminating comments on Huxley, Mrs. Bedford says:

Aldous never *really* changed; he oscillated: no woman could have been more *journalière* [changeable]—absurdly young, graceful, animated one day; sallow, tentative, withdrawn the next; his pendulum might swing between the dandy and the old man of Thermopylae.

Two years before Maria died, she and her husband tried to obtain American citizenship. But it wasn't granted because Huxley had said, at a hearing at the time of the frenzied "patriotism" of the McCarthy era, that he wouldn't bear arms to defend the United States, that his objection to military service was not religious but "purely philosophical," and that if his home were under attack he wouldn't defend it with a gun because "I would not have a gun in the house." In spite of their failure

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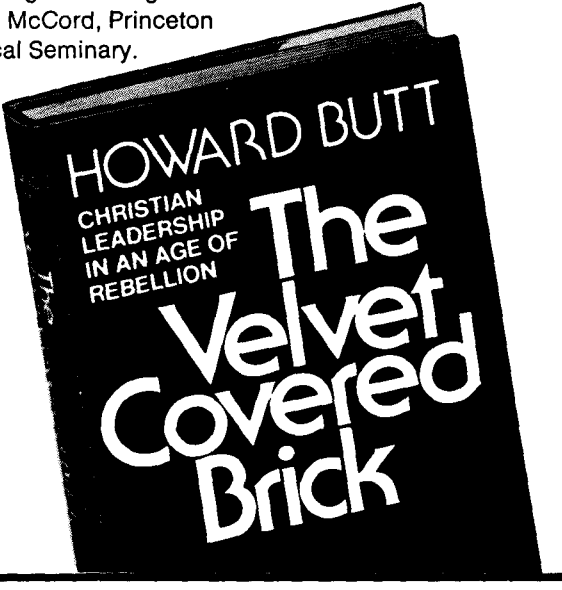

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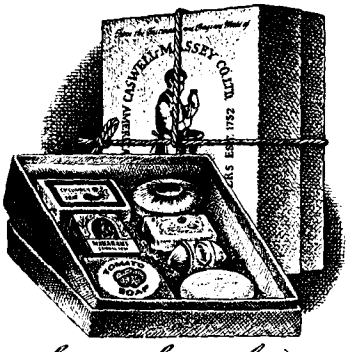

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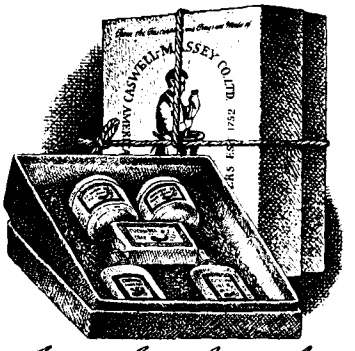

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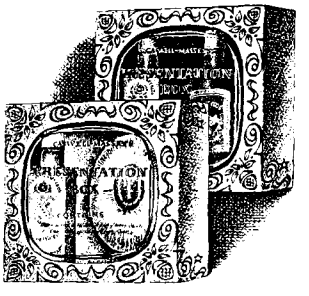

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to obtain citizenship, however, they were permitted to leave and re-enter the country, making their continued world travels possible. Their sojourns had often been joyful to Maria, but eventually they became too fatiguing.

Mrs. Bedford gives us a full and admiring picture of her, and she treats most pleasantly the woman whom Huxley married a little more than a year after his first wife's death: Laura Archera, violinist, therapist, and author. She has provided an excellent story of Huxley's last years in *This Timeless Moment* (1968). Apparently Huxley had stopped his extramarital affairs; as one of his daughters-in-law said, in later life he engaged only in "benign flirtations."

Sybille Bedford's book is written in slapdash prose characterized by half-sentences and whimsical punctuation that have the effect of giving her narrative a lively consistency as a framework for all the memoirs, conversations, and letters she quotes from. Although Huxley's letters are usually humane and wise, perhaps she presents too much of too many of them (particularly those written in the late Forties and early Fifties), and so gives a general effect of aridity. Also, Mrs. Bedford's statements are sometimes confusing, as, for example, when she says that Huxley took mescaline only twice and then, not long afterward, states that he tried it three if not four times. She of course quotes several of his warnings about such drugs.

Amusingly, when Huxley and his first wife moved into a house in southern France in 1930, they discovered that "Villa Huley" had been painted on the gateposts, but because they didn't want to jar the sensibilities of the mason who had committed the little blunder, they didn't correct it—and so *x*, the "unknown quantity," continued to be missing. And is that quantity missing in Mrs. Bedford's biography? The answer has to be, for the most part, no, as far as Huxley's personality is concerned, though a qualification must be made in the case of Huxley the author, whose writings are insufficiently treated—the reader needs some genuine critical evaluations for a complete measurement of a man who, on his sixty-first birthday, wrote to a friend: "How little to show! One ought to have done much better!" But for what Mrs. Bedford has told us about this man's life, we should be grateful; it is a sensitive, informed, and attractive biography. □

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Havoc on the High Seas

upership
y Noël Mostert
Knopf, 332 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Anthony Wolff

The danger that *Supership* describes in completely convincing detail is so rave and so imminent that only a spe-ies willfully blind to its own self-interest nd confirmed in self-destruction could ail to heed the warning. As of 1972, Mr. Mostert tells us, 55 percent of the world's annual oil ration of 2.6 billion ons was careening around the globe in ankers, a class of ships with a propensity or blowing up, running aground, crashing into each other, and otherwise creating havoc on the high seas.

The future belongs to the very biggest of the class, as the economics and geo-politics of oil inspire supertankers whose vital statistics stagger the imagination and beggar all commonsense compari-sons. Of the 3,359 oil tankers in the world's fleet, 388 are in the current class of reigning superships, weighing in fully loaded at 200,000 tons or more, most of it oil. Another 20 ships of more than 400,000 deadweight tons are already on the way, while Onassis, Niarchos, and the other high rollers on the high seas dream of behemoths that can float a mil-lion tons and more.

Already the world's tanker fleet, total-ing over 200 million deadweight tons, accounts for more than half the total tonnage afloat. "At this moment," re-ports Mostert, not at all sanguine at the prospect, "hundreds of ships each sev-eral times the size of the old Cunard *Queens* and entirely filled with oil are sailing around the seas."

The largest of the tankers, at least until the next launching, is 1,243 feet long—almost a quarter of a mile and more than 200 feet longer than the S.S. *France*, just retired as the giant of the great passenger liners. Supertanker crewmen get around the vast deck on bicycles. Underwater, the ship hulks like a 10-story building, drawing 92 feet and holding almost half a million tons of oil in five huge tanks. From its cruising speed of about 15 knots, such a momen-tous object needs more than 20 minutes and three miles of open water to come to a full stop. The supership, says Mos-tert, is "the biggest moving thing ever built by man and also the most dan-gerous."

There would be danger enough sim-ply in loosing these clumsy leviathans loaded with such explosive and poison-ous cargo on some of the world's most crowded and treacherous waters. But the chance of accidental catastrophe, Mostert charges, is increased by irrespon-sible oil companies and independents, which build unsafe ships and employ un-qualified crews, and by irresponsible countries like Costa Rica, Panama, and Liberia, which offer these floating time bombs the protection of their flags. Thus Liberia, which has no merchant marine of her own to speak of, is the "flag of convenience" for the largest merchant fleet in the world, 50 percent of which is either American-owned or -financed. Under the Liberian flag the oil tankers of Gulf, Exxon, Texaco, Getty, Tide-water, and Union Oil, among others, carry their liquid gold in ships that are sometimes unseaworthy, often lacking even the most basic navigational aids and manned by officers and crewmen who are overworked and undereducated for their demanding tasks. Under such cir-cumstances it is not surprising that most of the major oil-tanker mishaps involve these "Liberian" ships.

ACCORDING TO a conservative National Academy of Science estimate quoted by Mostert, tanker accidents add 350,000 tons of oil to the 1,370,000 tons an-nually dumped into the sea during the routine loading, unloading, bilge-pump-ing, and ballasting operations of tankers and other ships. The result of all this spillage has been to despoil much of the oceans' surface, so that sailors and ex-plorers report that there is almost no square mile of the seas that is not con-taminated. The damage to valuable sea-coasts and tidal areas, as well as to birds and marine life, has been docu-mented in the headlines that follow major tanker disasters, and Mostert re-tells these horror stories to chilling ef-fect. He also summarizes more patient and sophisticated research, which sug-gests that the effects of oil spills at sea are serious and persistent and that in the long run the constant pollution from daily operations may be more dangerous

Anthony Wolff writes SR/W's World Prog-ress Report; *his recent book,* Unreal Estate, *is about land-sales frauds.*

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to sea life than the spectacular calamity. There is even some evidence that the slow, steady oiling of the oceans may have a devastating cumulative effect on the tiny marine organisms that are the basic ingredients in the marine food chain and a vital part of the earth's oxygen cycle.

WHILE ARGUING with eloquent and educated conviction for a moderation of stupidity and greed before the oceans are adulterated into dilute petroleum, Mostert has managed at the same time to write a first-class book of entertainment and instruction. Like Melville, who alternated chapters of Ahab's passion with an encyclopedia of whaling and seafaring, Mostert has enriched his descriptions of tanker mischief and misadventure with a wealth of lore about the new class of ships and the new sort of seamen who sail on them, as well as the almost extinct men and machines they replace. A veteran newspaper shipping correspondent, Mostert clearly loves and understands both ships and the sea, and *Supership* laments the degradation of one as much as the other.

Most of all, however, Mostert pleads for sensible reform. He wants the ineffective U.N. agency charged with th regulation of ocean shipping to mak and enforce rational rules for transport ing poisonous cargo in perilous waters "Economy dominated the concept, de sign, and construction of these ships t a reckless degree," Mostert charges, en couraging owners to order huge ship with but a single propeller, a single rud der, and a single boiler, inviting disaster Mostert would require the billionaire tanker owners to ante up a few extra dollars for well-built, adequately pow· ered and guided vessels, manned by well· trained, qualified crews. The alternative, *Supership* makes convincingly clear, is a continuing ecological disaster for ocean life and ultimately perhaps for man himself. "What hope have we got?" Mostert asks. "None, it would appear, if we have to depend upon much of the modern maritime conscience."

Supership aims to incite public support for the essential reforms that Mostert knows the shipping interests will never effect on their own. The book is utterly persuasive. It is also timely, arriving just as the supertankers are achieving their dominance. And the reforms Mostert urges are so moderate, rational, and possible that they instantly recommend themselves even to a layman.

Unhappily, however, *Supership* is sailing against the tide. Mostert's nightmare is that the supertankers will continue to sail; most of the rest of the world is panicked at the possibility that they won't, that the ships will stop as they did last year during the Arab oil embargo, throwing a world hooked on oil into convulsions. It was just yesterday that the rest of the world shared Mostert's grief over the *Torrey Canyon* and Santa Barbara oil disasters; today the rest of the world is so afraid that it won't have oil to burn that it couldn't care less how slobbish and greedy the industry is so long as it delivers. As the critics of so questionable an oil scheme as the Alaska pipeline have found, we are determined to get the most oil at the lowest possible economic cost, competing values be damned—and a lot of landscapes and living things are going to lose out in the process. We need a book like *Supership* just now to give us fair warning, but it's a bit like reading the story of original sin for the umpteenth time, knowing full well that we can't change the ending. □

(Book Reviews: *continued on page 25.)*

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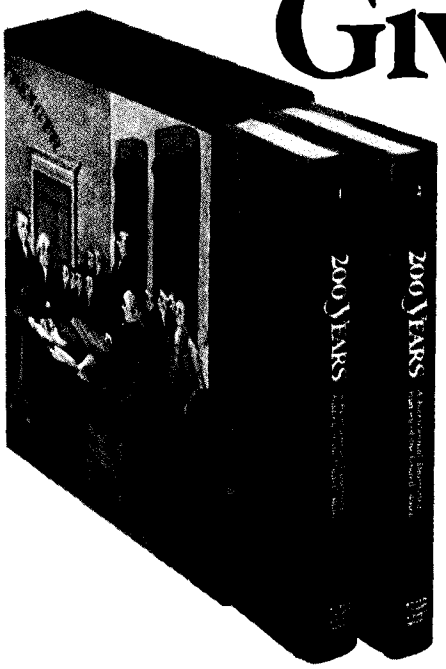
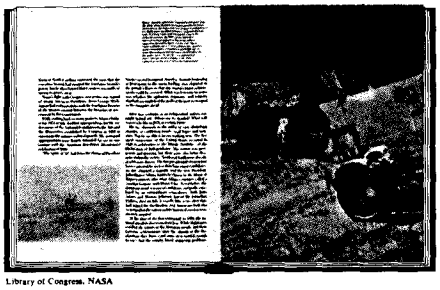


New York Public Library, Delaware Art Museum, Yale University Art Gallery

Thomas Gilcreas Institute, Pony Express Museum, Harper's Weekly, 1866

Museum of the City of New York

U.S. Marine Corps



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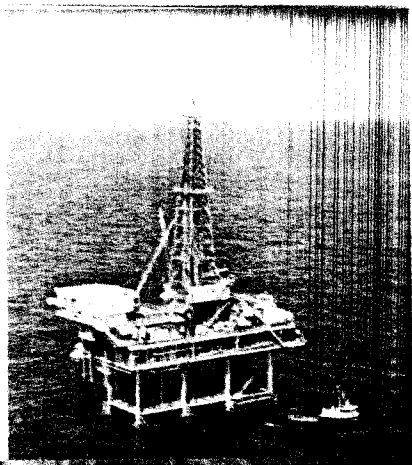

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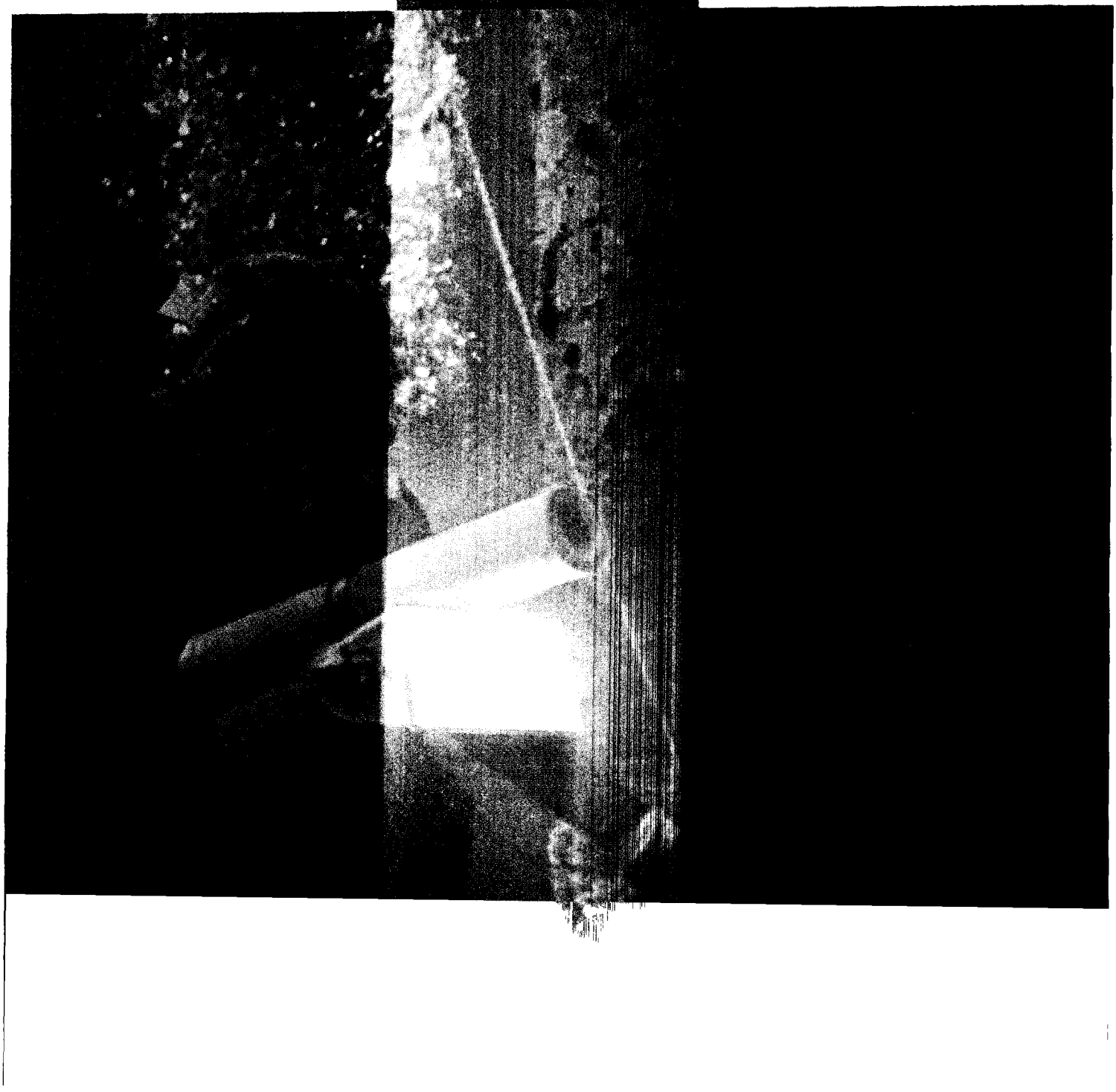

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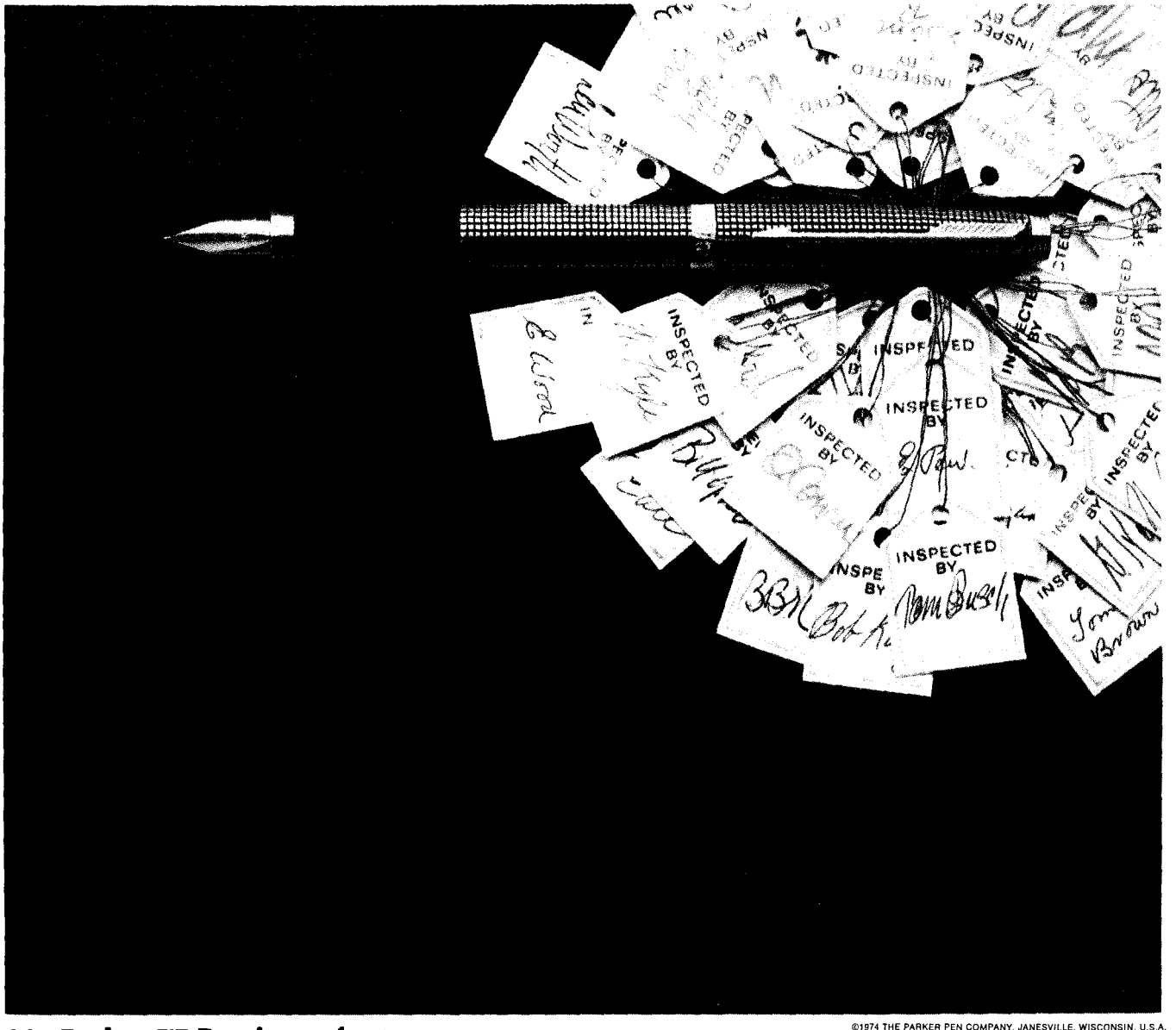

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Martial Law in Manila

The Philippines: Shattered Showcase of Democracy in Asia
by Beth Day
Introduction by Carlos P. Romulo
Evans, 240 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Rafael Steinberg

In September 1972, Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos declared martial law, imposed a curfew and press censorship, closed down the Congress, and rounded up 15,000 "subversives," political opponents, and corrupt officials. He acted, he told the world, because of the "danger of a violent overthrow, insurrection, and rebellion." The Philippines, like so many other Asian nations, had abandoned democracy in favor of "order" and development.

Four months later Beth Day, an American writer of animal and baby books, arrived in Manila for the first time. Although she had no credentials as a political or foreign-affairs commentator and no experience in Asia, the Marcos government immediately opened its doors to her and cooperated enthusiastically in her research for this book. She interviewed the President and his wife and was thoroughly briefed by key members of his Cabinet and staff. She traveled through the country with high-level guides. Foreign Secretary Carlos P. Romulo, onetime president of the U.N. General Assembly, not only wrote a glowing introduction to the book but also obviously spent much time teaching Ms. Day Philippine history and imparting to her his views about international relations in Asia—views that she accepts without question and passes on to the reader as her own. (There is no doubt about the source of her historical judgments and "insights"; I recognize many of the opinions and anecdotes—and even some of the phraseology—from an interview General Romulo gave *me* in 1965.)

The result is predictable. *The Philippines: Shattered Showcase of Democracy in Asia* masquerades as an objective book, but it is so one-sided that it could be dismissed as propaganda were it not for the fact that there is some truth in the central argument. One searches in vain through the volume for a hint of criticism, an attempt at balance, some acknowledgment that honest and well-meaning Filipinos might disagree with Marcos or question his motives. There is no evidence that Ms. Day spoke to anyone in the country who was not a supporter of the government—which is not surprising, since thousands of Marcos's opponents are still incarcerated and many others are expressly forbidden to talk to foreigners. But Ms. Day made no attempt to get an opposing view. She would have us believe that there are no critics except for Communists, anarchists, and venal oligarchs.

In discussing the events leading up to martial law, for instance, the author writes of the "affluent" opposition, the "mischievous" press, the "recalcitrant" Congress, the "incompetents" and "meddlers" in the government, and the "arrogance and vindictiveness" of all politicians. But President Marcos is "brave" and "forceful." He "takes responsibility," "presses for reform," performs an "act of courage." His aides and Cabinet ministers are "scholarly," "vigorous," "serious," "able," "competent," and sometimes "mild-mannered"; one of them is a "wizard," and all of them have "stature." Describing accurately the two-party system as it existed in the Philippines, Ms. Day explains that "the politicians blithely shifted parties as easily as their shirts, depending on where at the moment lay the best guarantee of perpetuation of self-interest." But, magically, when Marcos "facilely" did the same thing, it was simply because "he had had to accept the support of powerful political blocs to get into office."

Even more serious traps await the unwary or uninformed reader. Marcos announced martial law the day after an alleged assassination attempt on his Secretary of Defense. Ms. Day includes the attack in her description of the bombings and demonstrations that preceded martial law, but, curiously, she omits the close chronology and neglects to mention that Marcos originally cited the "ambush" of the Defense Secretary as one reason for his drastic move. This omission is serious and misleading because, as Ms. Day admits later, the proclamation had actually been signed 48 hours before it was announced—on the day *before* someone shot up the empty back seat of the Defense Secretary's car.

Building her case of pre-martial-law anarchy, Ms. Day also reports the 1971 bombing of a Liberal party rally in which nine people were killed and scores injured, including eight of the Liberals' senatorial candidates, and tells us that "arguments rage to this day about who was responsible." What she does not bother to point out, and what the reader cannot discover until 100 pages later, is that the Liberal party was the party in *opposition* to Marcos. The arguments are raging over whether Marcos himself may have instigated the deed.

Gems of rampant nonsense are sprinkled throughout the book: The Filipinos, Ms. Day tells us, are "the only Asians with a sense of humor." Automobile drivers never braked for pedestrians in the past but now do so regularly. American military men were "inherently racist." She calls the 500,000 firearms that were picked up after martial law began a "staggering" number for a country the size of the Philippines, but she never tells us the population, which is about 40 million, or about 80 for each gun.

It is really a shame that this book has so many deceptions and flaws, because Ms. Day, with General Romulo's help, accurately and eloquently describes how the Philippines was exploited by Spanish friars and American business firms, leaving the country with little development, with its exports dependent on a few agricultural products. It is true that a few very wealthy families have controlled the economic and political life and that the Communist-led insurgency was based not on ideology but on the peasants' desperate need to own their own land. It is also sadly true, as Marcos and Ms. Day insist, that American-style democracy had failed to solve the basic social and economic problems of the Philippines. Ms. Day believes—or at least tells us—that Marcos's authoritarian reforms will work, that free of the selfish opposition by the politicians in Congress the regime will bring about a New Society with justice and prosperity for the people. It sounds familiar, and it

Rafael Steinberg was for many years a foreign correspondent in Asia.

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may happen. But Ms. Day's book reads so much like a government handout that it fails to convince us that Ferdinand Marcos, a "facile" and wealthy politician himself, can or will do the job. □

New Books

Undercover: Memoirs of an American Secret Agent

by E. Howard Hunt
Putnam, 302 pp., $8.95

When it comes to the spy business, reality is nowhere near as entertaining as fiction. This, at any rate, is a conclusion that can be drawn from a reading of E. Howard Hunt's *Undercover,* the first half of which is devoted to his long career as a secret agent for the CIA. Hunt has written a number of novels, the latest of which, *The Berlin Ending,* is a conventional but wonderfully engrossing spy story about an ex-CIA agent who gets swept up in a deadly and complex Soviet plot to subvert the West.

In his memoirs, on the other hand, Hunt must deal with unembellished, unromanticized facts. These he sets down in passages that lack energy, clarity, and continuity—just as, one imagines, do most of the "real life" carryings-on of the CIA. When Hunt comes to his participation in the Watergate scandals, however, his substantial talent as a novelist revives. The whole business of Watergate has by now taken on an almost mythic dimension, and this provides built-in literary support for Hunt's own account. Thus, the second half of *Undercover*—dealing with such schemes as the rifling of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, the clandestine visit to Dita Beard's hospital room, the Watergate break-ins, and the whole cast of characters involved in them—has everything the first half lacks: coherence, suspense, drama, and vivid portraiture.

Since his arrest, Hunt has suffered a considerable ordeal—morally, psychologically, and physically—and his account of his personal anguish and his anger over the appalling treatment he has received from government and prison officials is by far the most powerful and disturbing section of his book. Still, however much Hunt's plight may stir one's sympathies, it must be said that *Undercover*—almost unwittingly—raises troubling ethical questions which it does not begin to answer, and that Hunt's basic conception of himself as his government's *victim* is somewhat hard, finally, to swallow.

•

Miriam at Thirty-Four

by Alan Lelchuk
Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 256 pp., $7.95

The heroine of Alan Lelchuk's second novel, a divorcée with two small children, is an artist who specializes in the erotic, a photographer who moves closer and closer to the pornographic as her urge to penetrate "reality" becomes more and more intense. Once she stops taking mere "pretty pictures," Miriam is persecuted and scorned because she will no longer pander to the shallow tastes of the common herd. Also, reluctant to curb her newfound and gargantuan sexual appetite, she is unable to live her private life according to the culture's deadening and repressive notions of propriety. In one way and another, society extracts its price for Miriam's liberation, and by the time the novel closes, she has been driven to the edge of insanity by the various pressures that beset her.

At some point in *Miriam at Thirty-Four,* one of the novel's supporting characters—a painter and front-runner in Miriam's stable of lovers—delivers himself of a diatribe about the egregiousness of critics. His outburst has been provoked by the hostile reception with which his own work has been greeted by those (as he himself would have it) who are too pietistic to understand his treatment of the erotic and who lack the artistic imagination necessary to appreciate a brilliant talent like his own.

Mr. Lelchuk's fantasies notwithstanding, it is unlikely that *Miriam at Thirty-Four* will provoke much outrage; a lot of it is, in fact, "dirty," but it is rather ridiculous for him to intimate that sex scenes could raise eyebrows—let alone inspire puritanical fury—in 1974. If this very silly novel does, like Mr. Lelchuk's first novel, go largely unappreciated, it may solace him to believe that he is being victimized by deficiencies ingrained in the American spirit. Anyone who reads his book, however, will know better.

•

Clout: Womanpower and Politics

by Susan and Martin Tolchin
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 320 pp., $10.00

Over the past several years, an increasing number of women have become involved in local, state, and national politics. According to Susan and Martin Tolchin, this is because more and more women are coming to "perceive themselves as members of an oppressed caste" and to seek, consequently, the political power necessary to reform their status as "second-class citizens." Charging those women who refuse to align themselves with the women's liberation movement with a "reluctance to be identified with other women's struggle for equality," the Tolchins base their study of the current political status of women on the fallacious assumption that by virtue of their sex, women constitute a monolithic political group with special interests best served by the entry of feminists into politics. Moreover, the Tolchins seem to take for granted the fact that women politicians will tend to share what are quite obviously the authors' own political sentiments and to favor what they call "humanist" positions, represented, as the Tolchins would have it, by such measures as cuts in the defense budget, repeal of abortion laws, establishment of government-sponsored child-care centers, expansion of social-welfare programs, and ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. The book's tone—meant, in all likelihood, to be taken as dispassionate—is, in fact, quite smug and harmonizes nicely with an attempt to fob off as self-evident and indisputable certain highly questionable propositions not only about women but also about American society as a whole. *Clout* is more than anything else a book about its authors' own preconceptions and partialities, and one can only wonder who it is that their show of objectivity could have been designed to fool.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Second Only

Gary Snyder is the American poet who has a following among young people second only to that of Allen Ginsberg. He lives in a commune at the foothills of the California Sierras. His poems deal with mytho-biotic themes, sometimes with Buddhism, ecology, politics. I find him most interesting in his nature poems, and there are many in *Turtle Island*, which New Directions brings out this month ($6.75 cloth, $1.95 paper). Here's "Pine Tree Tops":

in the blue night
frost haze, the sky glows
with the moon
pine tree tops
bend snow-blue, fade
into sky, frost, starlight.
the creak of boots.
rabbit tracks, deer tracks,
what do we know.

On the Fence

When somebody says *fence*, I think of a furtive, dishonest jeweler on a back street with a loupe in his eye. Ah, but books put one right! Take *The Professional Fence*, by Carl B. Klockars (Free Press, November 25, $8.95). Klockars isn't the fence but a young assistant professor of criminology who interviewed a professional fence for his doctoral dissertation, from which this book sprang. A certain amount of sociological jargon is to be expected, but it doesn't interfere with the story of Vincent, who started out as a petty con man (or boy, really) in an eastern city. Most fences don't deal in small quantities of burgled items but in truckloads or cartons of new merchandise: clothing, toasters, cameras—name it. They pay maybe half the *wholesale* value to the thief and sell largely through legitimate channels, sometimes their own store, more frequently to department-store buyers, friends, or relatives. Vincent has his own store, and "probably the largest single group of Vincent's customers is connected in some way with law enforcement. Certainly the second largest group of retail customers is connected with law violation. Both groups are cautious of one another, and often Vincent is obliged to manage the comings and goings of the latter when the former is present." The author shows an occasional wry touch: "Most of the thieves I interviewed were relatively uneducated and, since they were in prison, at least temporarily unsuccessful."

Value Every Drop

Richard Brown hasn't much Irish blood, but he values every drop and has gone so far as to visit Ireland twice, trying to find out what in hell is going on in the north. He spoke with members of the I.R.A. and the opposition; he traveled around, meeting extremists and moderates. He also—and this is real heroism—went to some fund-raising evenings for the I.R.A. among the dread New York Irish-Americans, and the sense of menace directed against him as a stranger is chilling. His book, *I Am of Ireland* (Harper & Row, November 2, $6.95), is autobiography, travel, history, and current affairs. Here's a fairly typical swatch of barroom conversation, picked up in the south of Ireland:

The other one, a long-haired brunette, asked Peter what county he was from and he told her Tipp and she said she was through Tipperary once and that her sister was married and lived in Kilkenny and away from all the trouble.

"I committed my first mortal sin in Kilkenny," Peter said.

"Oh, we don't think that way any more," the brunette said. "Sure a sin is only a sin when youse think it is."

"My God, when I think of the times I used to be looking around for a priest who was deaf and dumb to go to confession to."

"I wouldn't bother," the brunette said.

"I can see I made a great mistake to leave Ireland. I thought we were a celibate race."

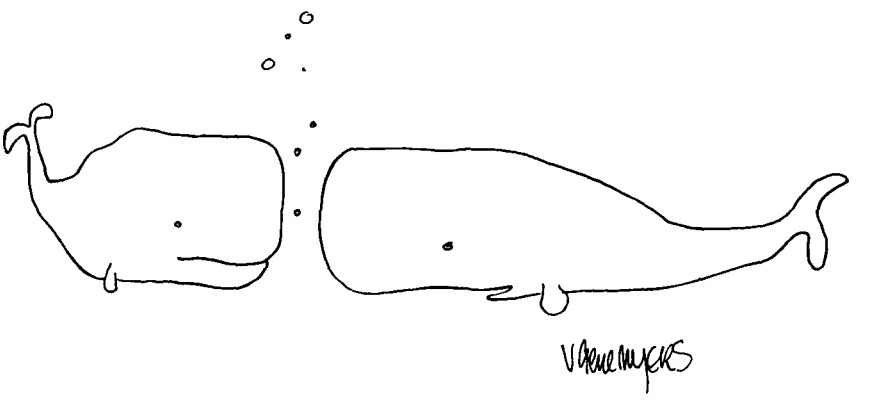
"We couldn't be all that celibate or none of us would be here to talk about it, now would we?"

The Fashion World

For eight years, in the late Sixties and early Seventies, James Brady (who is now the editor of *The Washington Star-News*) was the publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* and *Harper's Bazaar*—and the stories he could tell! In fact, he does tell some of them in *Superchic* (Little, Brown, November 20, $6.95). *Women's Wear Daily*, where he had got his earlier start, he liked fine, but *Harper's Bazaar* was a mare's nest of intrigue and troubles with the money men. If you care about fashion, or even if you don't—like me—you'll enjoy the inside stuff about designers, manufacturers, and magazine types. No, not all fashion designers are homosexual, and yes, the clothes that appear on the covers of the fashion mags often reflect advertising by the manufacturers inside the magazines. Mr. Brady can be bitchy, as when he talks about the Best-Dressed List:

The BDL probably reached its low point when Barbra Streisand was elected. Miss Streisand is a magnificent singer and actress and an exotically beautiful woman, but she has no taste in clothes. Her appearance at the Academy Awards several years ago in an Arnold Scaasi contraption with the seam running up between her ripe buttocks is proof of this. Her choice of Scaasi, who spells his real name, Isaacs, backwards, should have been the tell. Yet she was elected one of the best-dressed women in the land.

At *WWD* we asked our editors not to participate in the voting and unmercifully ragged the convention with our own joke lists, timed to come out at the same time as the solemn and deadly serious genuine BDL. One year we listed Princess Margaret, whom we called "Her Drear," as a tribute to her courage and resource in appearing in such monstrous clothes at public event after public event. I think that same year we named Golda Meir, Grandma Moses, and the Pope to our own list. Later I got some mail which said that naming the Pope wasn't at all humorous, that his robes and accoutrements were really quite marvelous. □



"Let's go wash up on a nude beach."

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride

'Twas the last Wednesday in November before the last Thursday in November, in the year 1620, and a bunch of Pilgrims in Plymouth County, Mass., were whooping it up to celebrate their first bountiful harvest.

It had been a rugged year, fraught with a lot of belt-tightening and self-denials, and a working-together in the common cause of a high productivity, in order to beat a common enemy, inflation, which would have destroyed their newly found horn of plenty.

So on that November's last Wednesday, the Pilgrims, proudly displaying their WIN buttons (Whip Inflation by November), were planning a big party—country dancing, singing of folk songs, capped off by a feast of roasted turkey for all the Pilgrim Fathers.

And since this is my own scenario, for all the Pilgrim Mothers, too.

The gigantic celebration would be recorded as a day to be remembered in the centuries ahead as a symbol of what people with pride in their country can do by giving unstintingly of themselves.

One of the Pilgrim Fathers shouted that message above the din of the merrymakers. "This last Wednesday in November," he said, "will henceforth be known as Selfgiving Day."

And the crowd, as one, shouted, "Righteously on!"

But suddenly there arose in their midst the oldest Pilgrim of them all. A Grandfather Pilgrim, actually. He held aloft his trembling arms for quiet. They were silenced.

"I have heard thy shouts of triumph," he said, "and listened to thee planning a festive board with dance and song. Thou hast praised thineselves for self-giving as if thee, and thee alone, had created a bountiful harvest. I say to each and every one of thee: Hast thou forgotten the Supreme Creator?

"Is there no thanks within thee for Him? This is verily a ripoff. I strongly recommend that thy plans for this evening be set aside until the morrow. On Thursday morning there should be songs in praise of Him, a giving of thanks for His blessings. And instead of Selfgiving Day, this last Thursday in November will henceforth be known as Thanksgiving Day."

There were murmurs of "Amen." But, as usual, there was one who vocally dissented. "But what about the folk songs and the country dances and the roasted turkey?" shouted a young (they're always young) Pilgrim Father.

The elder Pilgrim nodded assent. "Yes, but first, give thanks for His blessings. And then canst thou have thy dancing and singing and thy roasted turkey."

"Just a minute," spoke up an irate Pilgrim Mother. "Thou canst forget the roasted turkey. Why must we mothers spend such a merry day in a hot kitchen roasting a turkey, with all the stuffing and the cranberries and the pumpkin pies?"

"Fie on thee, woman!" hooted a Pilgrim Father, who turned out to be her husband. "After a morning spent counting all our blessings, we deserve no less than a roasted turkey."

"After all what blessings? There is only the harvest," she replied.

"Thou speakest heresy," said the elder Pilgrim. "We are all agreed that our harvest is a miracle performed by Him."

"Yes, but . . ." replied the woman.

"There are no ifs, ands, or butz about it," interrupted the wise old man, unintentionally making a telling pun. "And there are many other heaven-sent blessings we enjoy. I will check them off for thee.

"Did not God save us from our king?"

"Check," they shouted.

"Do we not bless Him for giving us clear, fresh water?"

"Check."

"Do we not bless Him for clean, fresh air?"

"Check."

"Do we not bless Him for saving us from subway breakdowns?"

"Check."

Of course today a lot of those checks would bounce.

I hope you will pardon my retelling that long, traditional story of the first Thanksgiving Day. I suspect most of you have read it many times in your history books. What brought it on was a trip I made to a superpricedmarket to price a turkey.

When I was told, my first thought was to go to the bank to float a loan. Or to look around for a used-turkey lot. But there even the accessories would be exorbitantly priced—the cranberries, the sweet potatoes, the stuffing, the pumpkin pies, the Pepto-Bismol.

I know it is fashionable these days for our government to put the blame for inflation on the consumers. When consumers demand, the price of the supply rises.

So on this last Thursday in November, 1974, we know who's to blame for the price of a turkey: the consuming Pilgrims, who, in 1620, started a 354-year inflationary spiral thou wouldst never believe. □

"Just tell me one thing, Ms. Edwards. When are we going to be hit by the paper shortage?"

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Global Report

Brussels—In July 1973 the Council of Ministers of the European Community adopted a wide-ranging environmental protection program that was ambitious in intent but thin on specifics. Since then the European Commission (the community's secretariat) has forwarded to the council more than 20 texts—regulations, directives, recommendations, or resolutions—designed to give the program substance and covering very nearly every aspect of the environment. Very few of these texts have been acted upon by the council, and the commission is clearly uneasy.

Reporting on its activities since the program was adopted, the commission concluded: "Although the Community action program is only in its beginnings, the Commission has some fears in respect of its application. It hopes particularly that the Council of Ministers will make quick and definite decisions on the proposals it has forwarded. The Commission also feels some anxiety over tendencies in some Member States which seem to indicate that Community measures for environmental protection will not be regarded as binding. Yet this binding character quite obviously constitutes the chief value and profound originality of the Community decisions."

Strasbourg—Citizen action groups meeting here have formed the European Environmental Association to bring more effective pressure on national and international governmental bodies. Almost every issue was discussed at the founding meeting, but two predominated: the ever-increasing pollution of the Rhine and the hazards of nuclear power plants—a subject much neglected on the Continent. As the conference met, the newspapers (especially in Germany) were filled with stories of the discovery of radioactive waste in a refuse dump near Obrigheim, Baden-Württemberg. German officials went so far as to imply that anti-nuclear environmentalists had planted it there—a charge hotly denied.

Caracas—"We Venezuelans," said President Carlos Andrés Pérez in a speech to the nation, "have failed to establish an intimate association with nature. Rather we have made constant war on it. . . . Let us reconcile the concepts of development and conservation and integrate them wholly with the democratic purposes of the Venezuelan nation. . . . We proclaim officially the commencement of an open policy toward nature, the initiation of a continuous action and impulse for the ecological recovery of Venezuela."

Such rhetoric may sound familiar to Americans, but it is a rarity in the Third World, and a major speech by the head of government devoted entirely to the environment is almost unheard of. More remarkable still was a series of presidential decrees that, among other things:

- Placed a two-year moratorium on the killing of any wild animal;
- Created a national park and enlarged another;
- Prohibited the destruction of mangrove trees and the discharge of sewage into mangrove swamps;
- Established protected zones in several water basins where development is restricted;
- Ordered the Ministry of Education to "lay special stress" on the teaching of conservation and to train teachers and prepare teaching materials accordingly;
- Halted the granting of building permits in major urban areas until a City Planning Strategy is developed;
- Prohibited new industry within the metropolitan area of Caracas or on any of the major arteries leading to it.

If these and other decrees are fully implemented, Venezuela will be among the most environmentally "advanced" nations.

Miami Beach—With the unanimous agreement of local councilmen, officials of Dade County, and the Florida Department of Pollution Control, Miami Beach has been authorized to increase by 10

The Alkali Inspectorate

When air pollution leaped to the forefront of social concern a decade ago, the United Kingdom had at hand a functioning organization to turn to—the Alkali Inspectorate, which for a century had been investigating smoking chimneys. The inspectorate operated by an ambiguous, though now familiar, rule of thumb known as "best practical means," enunciated just 100 years ago. For most of those years, the means for reducing air pollution were not very good.

Yet this historical evidence of Britain's long concern for the environment was an inspiration in the early Sixties. The Alkali Inspectorate was given new responsibilities. The speed with which the air over London was cleaned up, largely by tax inducements to householders to convert from coal to oil, redounded to the credit of the Alkali Inspectorate.

But the Alkali Inspectorate forgot one other legacy of its Victorian origins—the conclusion of an 1878 Royal Commission on Noxious Vapours that polluters should be more frequently prosecuted and that the results of all inspections should be published. As the quest for pure air falters, the Alkali Inspectorate has increasingly been criticized for failure to enforce pollution standards, for operating in secrecy, and for the arrogant and patronizing way it has treated local authorities, the public, and the press.

In Britain there is exceptionally strong protection of industrial secrets and a not altogether reprehensible tradition of private jawboning with industry as the best method of achieving cooperation. But a private study published this year suggests that the Alkali Inspectorate has carried the practice a bit far. To general press acclaim, the A.I. was accused of being "at least as dedicated to preventing the release of pollution data as to preventing the pollution itself." The report points out that there is no legal basis for withholding information; yet "any form of public criticism, however useful this could be in bringing pressure for improvement, is scrupulously avoided."

The study charges that inspectors are recruited from industry and tend to lean toward the industrial viewpoint. But it illuminated another problem: There are only 35 inspectors to cover the country and oversee some 3,200 industrial processes. Perhaps the most telling criticism of the Alkali Inspectorate is that a body intended to enforce regulations has, by acting in secrecy, assumed the function of determining the trade-offs between economic and environmental considerations.

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percent the present 25 million gallons of raw sewage that is pumped daily into the sea. The sewage is discharged about two miles from the beach at a depth of 125 feet. Other municipalities in this haven of sea and sand do likewise.

The only actively considered alternative lies three to eight years away, depending on when and how much federal funding is provided. According to this plan, all the county's coastal sewage would be piped to Virginia Key, two miles offshore, where an existing primary treatment plant, now serving the city of Miami, would be greatly expanded. The total cost is estimated at more than $250 million, of which the federal government is scheduled to pay 70 percent. Meanwhile, Miami Beach councilmen have voted to prohibit any package-treatment plants within the city "for reasons of health and well-being."

One other solution is mentioned: Pump the raw sewage further and deeper until it gets safely under a thermocline, from whence it will not surface again.

London—The Central Policy Review Staff is a government "think tank" headed until recently by Lord Rothschild. Its studies have heretofore been secret, but C.P.R.S.'s "Energy Conservation" has been published for the obvious reason that the report is more valuable to the government in the public domain than in the private.

A great deal of the document is devoted to a pessimistic assessment of alternative energy sources and reasons why Britain should not devote research funds to their development. In effect the study says, "Let the rich Americans do it." In this context, one beam of optimism is all the more remarkable. Implicitly, the C.P.R.S. expresses considerable confidence in the sodium-sulfur battery for powering vehicles and says that research and development are "justified."

Stockholm—Tests carried out by a geologist conclude that the collapse of many ancient Swedish monuments has been caused by detergents, which have turned clay foundations into mud. In particular, Rolf Soderblom sought to explain the collapse earlier this year of a 100-yard-long section of stone ramparts of Varburg Castle, built in the seventeenth century and now being restored at a cost of $1.7 million. It was found that water from the street-drainage system seeped continuously through the clay stratum on which the ramparts stood. The flow contained phosphates, principally from detergents, and these caused a chemical reaction in the clay.

Glasgow—The modernization and complete electrification of the 400-mile rail line between here and London has been completed in what *The Times* (London) calls "the greatest railway engineering project for 100 years." Hundreds of bridges and tunnels had to be altered, the roadbed strengthened, new welded track laid, and a completely new automated signal system installed. Now seven trains a day each way cover the distance in five hours, the capstone of a much expanded and improved intercity passenger service.

Soviet Conservation: An Illustrative Story

The controlled Soviet press appears to play a particularly critical role in the field of conservation and environment.* Public admonition and criticism are, of course, widely used in the U.S.S.R., but because environmental protection is badly organized and administered, and because its constituency resides in the public rather than in the bureaucracy, the publicity given by the press seems to be especially important in countering environmental indifference. In recent months the Soviet press has exposed failures to install air- and water-pollution devices for which funds had been appropriated, pointed the finger at agencies failing to enforce environmental regulations, and publicized efforts to cover up toxic chemical spills. A recent conservation effort is illustrative.

Earlier this year a letter appeared in *Komsomolskaya pravda*, sharply criticizing the planned construction of two roads through the Caucasian State Preserve, a "pristine paradise" above the eastern shore of the Black Sea. The 2,000-word letter, signed by nine prominent scientists and conservationists, contended that a unique nature preserve would be destroyed. "Hundreds of hectares of virgin forest will be leveled, blasting will rock the hills, and motels, restaurants, tourists, and travelers will appear on the new roads."

In the same newspaper there next appeared an article exposing malfeasance in the administration of the preserve itself. "Lately," wrote O. Volkov, "the reservation's management has become less concerned with protecting wildlife and more so with making a fast profit." Besides poaching and illegal cutting in the forest, the director was accused of selling shooting licenses and of allowing hunters' cabins to be built in the preserve. The story then went on to describe the irreparable damage that the roads would do to the flora and fauna of the Caucasian Preserve.

Next, the editors of *Komsomolskaya pravda* asked the Russian Republic Ministry of Highway Construction and Maintenance to justify its plan. They reported the deputy minister's reply and appended their own strong rebuttal.

A month later the editors noted that "students, workers, and others from all over the country responded in defense of the Caucasian Preserve following publication of the scientists' letter and O. Volkov's article. These materials were also discussed and approved by the Party and trade union organizations of the preserve itself. A committee formed by the All-Russian Nature Conservation Society and the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Agriculture's Chief Administration for Nature Conservation, Preserves, and Hunting was sent to the scene to investigate."

There followed an article by the deputy head of the last-named agency, which read in part: "Our committee and a number of scientists met with the Russian Republic Ministry of Highway Construction and Maintenance to discuss the proposed roads through the Caucasian State Preserve. As a result of this meeting, it was decided: (1) to halt the planning and construction of the central road through the preserve . . . ; and (2) to conduct further exploration for an alternate route—one that would not enter the preserve. . . .

"As for the poaching and other illegal activities mentioned in Volkov's article, these and other violations have been substantiated by the Chief Administration for Nature Conservation, Preserves, and Hunting. The Ministry of Agriculture has issued an order reprimanding director Korenevsky and laying down specific measures to improve the preserve's operation."

To what extent all of this was spontaneous, to what extent carefully orchestrated, one cannot tell, but it is characteristic of the way environmental protection, such as it is, is achieved in the U.S.S.R. It does not seem greatly different from that of other countries.

*A judgment based on reading of *The Current Digest of the Soviet Press*, the incomparable weekly translation service of the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Summer and Indolence

As a reward for unspecified merit, in acknowledgment of the years in which I have maintained systole and diastole in approximate parity, and in recognition of other generalizations too noumenal to mention, I conferred upon myself, and was happy to accept, a grant of total indolence beginning June 1 and effective for the whole summer—if there is an end to ideal summer.

Certain members of my family chose to remark—during the very presentation ceremony, mind you—that I was overpaying my private piper. Indolence allows me to forget their names. I do submit, yawningly, that they are wrong. There is nothing easy about maintaining systolic-diastolic parity. Not even Alexander the Great could do it for long. I don't know how long I can manage it myself on the present world market. I do know it is not done by jigging for pipers who must then be paid. I have not even cared to march to the beat of a different drummer. I have not cared to march. I will hold to the good of indolence. Think what suffering the world might have been spared had Napoleon and Hitler learned the good of indolence.

My award entitled me to a summer at any resort of my choice, but I have forgone that provision in the interest of the economy (mine) and out of a distaste for those advertised playgrounds we traipse through when we grow too old for summer camp.

Years ago, on a generous CBS expense account, I sat on Waikiki having sand kicked in my face. I could have stretched the expense account to at least two weeks. I left in eight days: as soon as we finished shooting. I had had enough of the inanities of paradise.

And so for all play Edens. Go for a walk and you're shanghaied for volleyball. Go near the lake and someone with a whistle blows you into the water. Sleep late and the dining room is closed. No thank you. Indolence structured is indolence denied. True indolence consists in the random improvisation of unenacted impulses.

I stayed home and unenacted every impulse suggested to me by the incoming mail. It took time to learn my way. I began by stacking the mail on my desk unanswered. Then I stacked it on the stack. Then I tossed it onto the avalanche that covered my desk. Then my wife began to get phone calls about unpaid balances. I submitted to a day of sorting out everything that looked like a bill and making out checks. I even found some checks fit for deposit. Enough, I guessed, to achieve parity. Somehow it didn't work that way.

Not till a month later did I find the imbalance. I had rounded up bills for two or three months and paid everything, not noticing that the later bills carried over the earlier balances.

The bills I got the next month all read: CREDIT BALANCE: DO NOT PAY. Sweet indolence! I had been spared one round of chores.

Then my wife opened the bill from American Express, with a credit balance of $615.21. The last I saw of her was a blur out the back door. She had found money and was going shopping. One learns, even if indolently.

By late August my character had firmed. I took my son to the attic with two large leaf bags, dumped all the mail into them, and had him set them out on the curb. It is an uneasy mind sets mail aside to age before throwing it out. In the name of character it must be chucked out at once.

Oh, I read it. Over breakfast I regularly think out finely turned, highly perceptive answers before not writing them. I feel I am in close touch with all readers who have ESP. "Fit audience though few," as Eliot put it. Why take part in a mob scene because the P.O. is immoderate?

Someday, perhaps, summer will end, and I will turn from indolence to wintry industry. Perhaps, someday, my secretary will come back to me. Someone will have to do something about earning my living: Why not she? She is good at catching me in the act of thinking out the answers I never write. She then goes so far as to set them down in shorthand, later typing them and even mailing them. When she does that, she turns out to be a splendid letter writer. If you, dear reader, went into one of those leaf bags, blame her: She could have handled it all if it weren't for her indolence—indolence, mind you, for which she received no special grant: not from me certainly. I have enough to do handling my own indolence without taking hers on. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 21

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 66.*

E V W I J X Q P E M Q
M O A A Q Z P E M J R W C
C X E O W Z R J J Q P K J J E
B Q Q K O K G S J X L O M M Q V J
W S J Q M R J O M Q .
A Q E M A Q R Z Q

"What d'ya mean you're getting off at 59th?"

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Steve Shapiro

Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands—Making "movies for the love of making movies."

Hollywood's Mavericks

by Hollis Alpert

Hollywood

A respected film critic recently made the charge that the Hollywood "system doesn't work any more, and it's not going to." Further, the critic charged, there is "a natural war in Hollywood between the businessmen and the artists." Industry people do read critics, I discovered during my visit here, and there is a kind of self-analysis going on. To some, the so-called system is working very well indeed, as proved by the fact that the national audience during the past year has jumped to 20 million a week, from 15 million the previous year. There are more "hits" than there have been in some time, and there is every expectation that many of the new films being fashioned will be hits, too.

Nevertheless, there is restlessness among the natives. I've encountered snickering on several levels over the wave of "disaster epics" that studios are currently pouring huge sums into. And there is dissatisfaction over the emphasis on action and adventure, to the neglect of other film-entertainment forms.

What about that supposed war between the artists and the businessmen? I talked to Paul Mazursky, a writer-director who has to be considered a film artist, in contradistinction to the kind of craftsman who fashions a *Poseidon Adventure* or a *Death Wish* for the satisfaction, if not the edification, of large audiences.

By the prevailing Hollywood manner of reckoning, Mazursky is a maverick. The first film he directed, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,* was a big winner, both financially and critically. But, sadly, from "management's" point of view, he failed to follow through. He made a "personal" film called *Alex in Wonderland,* which lost M.G.M. a quantity of money. Next came *Blume in Love*, which turned out to be something of a hit.

Two out of three is an excellent batting average in today's capricious movie market; yet Mazursky ran into trouble when he tried to get studio backing for *Harry and Tonto*, a project he had been devotedly harboring even prior to *Blume in Love.* He took it to Warner Brothers, the company that had released his previous film, and ran into cold shoulders.

"They," he said, meaning the management level, "aren't as stupid as they're sometimes made out to be. Movies are the only medium where the risk is as huge as it is. We, the so-called artists, are fools if we don't accept the fact that great sums of money are being risked when we're doing our own thing. Even so, I was really upset when Warner's rejected *Harry and Tonto.* I remember Ted Ashley, then the chairman of the board of the company, saying: 'Paul, I don't see the lines around the block.' Most of the others passed on it, too, but then Fox took a chance. What that meant was that the projected budget had to be pared down to the bone—and next to nothing for my fees."

Harry and Tonto is currently coming through nicely. Its story, about an elderly man and his cat and their odyssey across the country, got critical applause; audiences found the film amusing, wise, and touching; Fox will make a profit, and Mazursky will get his share.

"Frankly," he said, "if I were running one of these studios, I'd have had my doubts about making the story. The best bets for *them* are the films that stress violence and adventure. But if you keep doing that kind of thing, the level of taste will be lowered and that will hurt in the long run. If there's an answer to the dilemma, it's that the risks be shared and also the profits. You'd be surprised how many in this town are willing to make movies for the love of making movies."

EVERY TIME I visit Hollywood I find a change. On a previous visit Robert Altman was one of the hottest of the directors. He had made *M*A*S*H*, a stunning, surprise hit, and apparently he could do what he wanted from then on. In the estimation of critics, he continued to develop and grow into one of the most original of American film artists. But *Brewster McCloud, McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Images,* and *Thieves Like Us*, all provocative, often brilliant, failed to win large audiences. In order to make *California Split*, a dazzling display of film craftsmanship, acting, and clear-eyed perceptiveness that deals with this country's gambling fever, he had to wangle independent financing. He was indeed looked upon with suspicion by Hollywood management and also by Holly-

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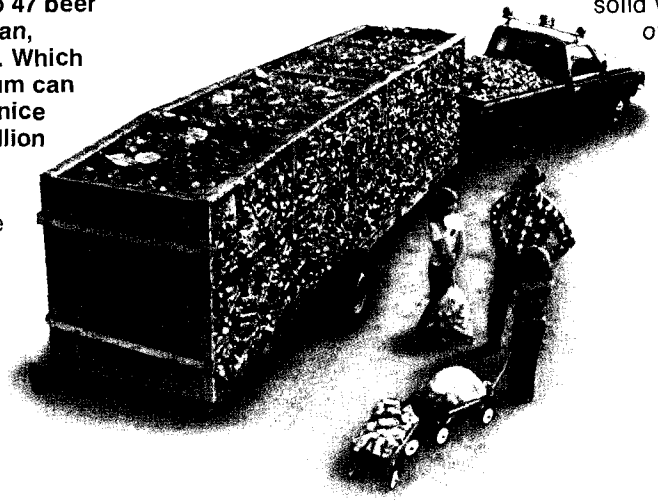
There's a new kind of Arizona prospector, searching for a new kind of gold...aluminum.

The people in Arizona have discovered that if all that glitters isn't gold, what's left can still be pretty valuable. Like aluminum. In 1973, over 94 million cans, or about 36 percent of those used, were collected and recycled in Arizona. That comes out to 47 beer or soft drink cans for every man, woman and child in the state. Which means that Arizona's aluminum can prospectors have received a nice chunk of the estimated 15 million dollars paid to the nation's collectors since 1970.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. It's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens easily, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

The collection and recycling of aluminum cans is working. More than 1.6 billion were collected last year and the number is growing.



Soon, new methods now under development will make possible the collection of even greater numbers. Ultimately, we can expect that improved technology will make it possible to recycle most municipal solid waste, and the high value of aluminum scrap will help make it economically attractive to do so.

For more information on Alcoa's "Yes We Can" recycling program and a list of collection centers, write to us—Aluminum Company of America, 348-L Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

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wood journalists. Joyce Haber, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, termed it "the worst film I have seen," and *Daily Variety*'s "Murf" came close to sharing that opinion.

Altman appeared to be unperturbed by these attacks. He has his own little setup on Westwood Boulevard, with office and editing space and a close-knit, devoted staff of assistants. I found him cutting together a massive, intricate project called *Nashville,* long enough to be shown as two separate films. The rushes he allowed me to see struck me as pure Americana, a fascinating evocation of the country-music scene.

"Oh, there may not be an obvious war going on between us and them," he said, "but it's there on a less conscious level. They don't trust us, and maybe, more important, they don't trust the audience. On the other hand, I can still make what I want to make. Not that it's easy. You have to spend time and waste your energies seeking out alternative methods of financing. Paramount will release *Nashville,* but I had to get much of the money elsewhere. Meanwhile, I'm left alone, and after the thing is finished, we'll figure out how to handle it. But I'm happy. I love this picture. I can't even think of what I want to do next."

One of the town's most active agents, Jack Fields, told me: "One of my most wanted clients, Ned Beatty, went into Altman's picture for about a tenth of his customary fee, just for the chance to work with him. Actors know—and agents, too—that with a director like Bob, they're virtually guaranteed to be in a film of quality, with consequent help to their careers."

THERE ARE ACTORS who will even work without pay, and, in one exceptional case, virtually pay for the privilege. Peter Falk, now of top rank in the television-star hierarchy through the "Colombo" series, received no salary for his appearance in *A Woman Under the Influence,* written and directed by John Cassavetes, Hollywood's most intractable maverick. Cassavetes, a star actor of considerable magnitude himself, spends most of his energies and resources making films that satisfy his needs for expression. One million dollars was required for the making of *A Woman Under the Influence,* which also stars Cassavetes' wife, Gena Rowlands. He garnered half the amount by mortgaging their home and borrowing from friends. Peter Falk put up the other half-million.

I found Falk on the set of "Colombo" at Universal Studios. He hasn't appeared in a theatrical film since 1970, when he made *Husbands* with Cassavetes. His emergence to worldwide fame in "Colombo," however, has caused him to be showered with film scripts, almost all of which he has turned down. "I'd be the last one in the world," he said, "to reject a good role just because I thought the picture was going to make a lot of money. But I won't do films that strike me as silly, violent for the sake of violence, old-fashioned, or filled with sex for the sake of sex. I enjoy doing 'Colombo,' but every once in a while I feel the need to do something else, and John's picture gave me the opportunity. It's refreshing to work with people who are original and fertile.

"There's an emphasis on money here," he said, "a preoccupation with it that's not very healthy. Everyone should ease off it. I'm not strapped; so it's easy for me to say. But there are a lot of people who aren't strapped, and they'd be better off, the films would be better, if they backed off a bit from the buck. Sure there's room for action and adventure, but there's also enough of that. John and I went into this film without studio backing because we felt we could do it better if we did it on our own. The major problem is not that *they* watch over you, but if you can do it yourself it's more satisfying. Essentially it boils down to: Do you want to work for somebody, or do you want to work for yourself? It's tough for John and some of the others, but he gets the films done. And, frankly, I'm not sure that those who decide what properties are viable have the experience and ability to decide correctly. You don't have to try to gross 50 million every time out."

Falk and Cassavetes met on account of Elaine May, who, five years ago, had written a script called *Mikey and Nicky.* The film had two major roles, one of which Falk agreed to play. Both Miss May and Falk wanted Cassavetes for the other role. Falk set up the meeting and recounted the story, upon which Cassavetes said he'd do it without reading the script. "He explained," Falk said, " 'if Elaine May is directing and you're in it, I know it will make a good picture.' Then he said, 'I want you to do a picture with me.' I said, 'I want to see your script.' "

The Elaine May film was postponed, and Falk went to work with Cassavetes and Ben Gazzara on *Husbands,* a film regarded as exasperatingly long by some, and brilliant by others. "I worked for nothing," Falk said, "but because I had a third share in the picture, I received the largest pay check I'd yet received."

Since that time, Cassavetes, Falk, and Gazzara have become a tightly knit little group, as close and loyal as blood rela-

Family Matters

For those unaccustomed to the filmmaking methods of John Cassavetes, *A Woman Under the Influence,* which had its premiere at the recent New York Film Festival, may prove a trying experience. The interplay between director and actors makes for almost excruciatingly long scenes, detailed to provide, as close as possible, an approximation of reality. The subject matter of the film is painful to begin with. The wife of a blue-collar worker is mentally disturbed and pathetically attempts to cope with the rigors of homemaking and the raising of three small children in a rather tacky Los Angeles neighborhood. When her aberrational behavior results in embarrassment for her loving but much tried husband, he, with the aid of his mother and a bumbling family doctor, has her committed to a mental institution. The treatment isn't of much help in preparing her for a return to her home life, and the two are left at the end attempting to cope as best they are able with her marginal hold on sanity.

The uniqueness and effectiveness of the film come from the scrupulous observation of the woman's mental states and the reactions to them by the husband, family members, and friends. In this sense, *A Woman Under the Influence* can be said to be a valuable social document. The acting by the two principals, Gena Rowlands and Peter Falk, is of a virtuoso nature. It isn't merely a matter of exactitude in portrayal. The two people, caught by love and habit, spring literally to life. Both Rowlands and Falk deserve the highest accolades. Cassavetes emerges as one of those rare cinematic creatures, a film artist with a conscience and a love for humanity. Whether there is room for him in a profit-oriented industry remains to be seen. H.A.

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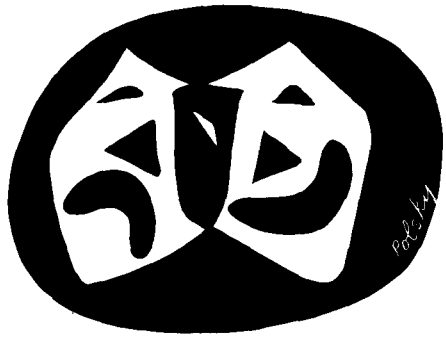
tives. Gazzara is not in the new film, but he hangs around giving advice, counsel, and criticism, all of which Cassavetes listens to carefully and then proceeds to do as he deems right. One senses a pervasive love in the family, which also includes Gena Rowlands and Ben Gazzara's actress wife, Janice Rule.

"My filmmaking," Cassavetes said, in his heavily mortgaged home near Mulholland Drive, above the smog level, "is an expensive personal madness. If I didn't have a friend like Peter and a wife like Gena, it would be impossible for me. If I didn't have friends like Ben and Janice and others attracted to my kind of filmmaking, it might be too difficult a battle. I rely on their good graces. I'm in debt to all of them. As I get older, it gets harder. The prices are up. My first film, *Shadows*, cost $40,000. My next, *Faces*, took a couple of hundred thousand. Now it's a million. For Peter to put in half a million means that he's giving me all he's earned, after taxes. If the film were made for a major studio, they'd be *paying him* close to that amount. It's a crazy thing to impose on someone, and I suppose that makes me exploitive. But I *love* them, the people who work with me, and I guess they see things in the material and the way of working that makes them want to do it."

The Cassavetes method involves an interaction between the director, the performers, and the script. "I do a full and total screen play," he said, "and then the actors come to me and tell me what they don't like. I listen to them. Then I try to get deeper into the characters and find out what they want to play. In what they want to play, somehow they're adding to the film. They're adding their own sense of reality, and perceptions I wouldn't know from my relatively limited point of view. It's a necessary part of the process for me. If for me a line is right, I won't let the actors change it, but will allow them the latitude in interpretation."

While he doesn't see Hollywood as completely separated into two enemy camps, Cassavetes does see cross-purposes that make the artists and businessmen seem like violent enemies. He agreed that from the "management" point of view, he is a maverick. "There's a group of us," he said. Who makes up the group? "Altman, Elaine May, Paul Mazursky, Mel Brooks, Woody Allen, Francis Ford Coppola, some actors like Peter and Gena and Ben, George C. Scott, and others attempting to maintain their independence in a milieu gone crazy from the desire for huge profits and the power that comes from those profits.

"The main thing wrong with Hollywood is that the top level has lost sight of the fact that there are talented people here who have the need to express themselves personally, who feel themselves part of society, who regard their main job as expressing their version of what life is and what people are feeling. Our needs are expression. Their terrible needs are profits. So where do we fit into their terrible needs? We, as artists working in the most influential and expensive means of communication, feel we must express the spirit of the times.



If curtailed by people in panic, the industry sooner or later will suffer. We can't survive without finances. We've both got to become more sensible and try to get together. We're not that far apart. I feel they're panicked. If they panic us, they'll never have anything."

ONE CAUSE of widespread discontent is the predominantly negotiating nature of the film industry. A look at the top level reveals most to be former lawyers or agents, whose expertise lies in the areas of taxes and contracts. The bargaining operates all the way up and down the line. An executive who has scrabbled to a top level will negotiate in advance the expensive terms of the potential loss of his position. A top box-office star can make for himself a deal that would underwrite the entire cost of a film without his presence in it. Most of the major film companies are subsidiaries of large, diversified corporations. As subsidiaries, their jobs are to show profits for the benefit of stockholders and the financial health of the parent firm. It's only natural for management to examine those pictures that turn large profits and do more of the same.

"In the old days," said Paul Mazursky, "there was continuity. A lot of talent had steady work writing, producing, acting in films, and those older films show a high level of craftsmanship. Masses of young people are discovering those films and finding how entertaining they are. It's not merely a nostalgia wave. So many of those films were *good*. But now it's a picture-by-picture thing. Each time a person makes a new deal, he's out to gouge the others, to get all he can or wants. It's the accepted way of doing things, and the industry is paying a price for the system that's developed."

When *The Poseidon Adventure* made a huge profit, a similar formula was used for the large-scale *The Towering Inferno*. When *Airport* became a historic money-maker, *Airport 1975* was put into the works. The argument of management is that it is giving the public what it obviously wants.

This formula doesn't mean, necessarily, that the management level doesn't recognize the talents of people like Elaine May, Altman, and Cassavetes. What it is more likely to fret about is their manner of working and their intractability. Miss May, currently cutting together *Mikey and Nicky*, has holed herself up in a small hotel off Sunset Boulevard, when she could more easily avail herself of the facilities of Paramount Studios, 10 minutes away. She refuses to be hurried. She won't talk to the studio people. On the other hand, she'll get on the phone to Cassavetes and Falk, her stars and confederates, and talk a blue streak. "It's going to be a wonderful picture," both Falk and Cassavetes say, with loving, comradely faith. The Paramount people don't know what to say. They haven't *seen* anything. And how can you judge, how can you say the overstretched budget will result in a profit, if you have nothing to go on *but* the talent of the filmmaker?

Yet, the mavericks have made films that served themselves and the audience, too. The maverick method, as opposed to the method desired by the "system," has resulted in such films as *The Graduate, Easy Rider, Midnight Cowboy, M*A*S*H, The Heartbreak Kid, American Graffiti*, and *The Conversation*. Although some do talk of abandoning the system entirely and finding their own ways of reaching the public, the filmgoing public, the industry, and the art form itself would be badly served if the artists are further alienated. It's not so much that the system has to be abandoned as that it badly needs to be stretched. □

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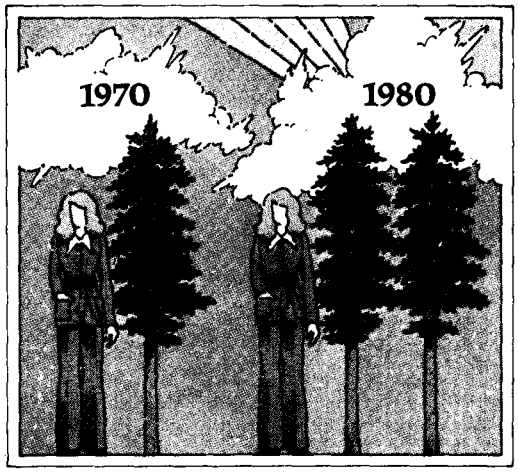

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Italian Government Travel Office

Bernini's square at St. Peter's in Rome—"Architecture not merely to observe but . . . to experience as a theatrical event."

Beyond Function and Form

by Katharine Kuh

I have always thought of architecture worth its name as a sympathetic interplay of aesthetics and pragmatism. Recently, however, I discovered that certain structures can transcend both art and function to become valid philosophic experiences on their own terms. Two years ago in central Java at the temple of Borobudur, I was converted to this idea, for there in an exotic landscape and under an unbearable sun I encountered a Buddhist sanctuary, which, because of deliberate challenges and elaborate symbolism, acted as a revelatory event.

To pursue miles of narrative bas-reliefs describing the vicissitudes and triumphs of Prince Siddhartha, to be assaulted by innumerable repetitions of his image as Buddha, to traverse tier after tier of a prodigious complex, is at times to feel trapped, incarcerated, a virtual prisoner. There seems no end to the long travail. When almost suffocated by the facts of Buddhism, the visitor is suddenly liberated. The whole meaning of Nirvana becomes clear as, exhausted, he reaches the temple's climax, the ultimate ascent at last completed. Now all is open to the sky, uncluttered, clairvoyant, supernatural. Gone are the moralistic tales of Buddhism. Free of realistic earthly restrictions, one looks out on 72 hieratically spaced, bell-shaped stupas surrounding a larger final one, each designed to evoke, but never to compete with, a nearby volcanic mountain that dominates the landscape. In this temple one labors through the tangible to find the abstract. Were the architecture less demanding, less insistent on forcing the visitor to move through it from lowest terrace to sublime apex, its full meaning might be lost, for Borobudur is, indeed, the physical, apocalyptic embodiment of Buddhism. Representing a magic replica of the universe, it celebrates the end of the search, the terminal peace that replaces all reincarnations.

At times, Gothic cathedrals with their vertical upward sweep are looked on as parallel expressions of another religious faith, for as these structures reach toward heaven, they also provide interior sanctuaries of awesome dimensions, where man is totally dwarfed. Yet there is a difference. In the medieval church man is the audience; at Borobudur he is an active participant. He himself climbs and endures; he does not merely inhale exaltation.

If Borobudur is an equivalent of Buddhism, then Frank Lloyd Wright's Pennsylvania house, Falling Water, is a personification of nature. With the advent of steel construction in our century, it has been popular to believe that, by opening walls and including acres of glass, the outside is welcomed inside despite the danger of excessive light. Yet this idea is basically anti-naturalistic, because nature, when benevolent, provides a more balanced diet. Some years ago at an official dinner in Chicago, Walter Gropius, turning to Mies van der Rohe, asked him plaintively, "What do we have to show for it all but the picture window?"—thus implying that their revolutionary struggle to establish a functionally valid modern architecture had ended in little more than a visual cliché.

Wright's celebrated house, Falling Water, is a direct denial of the picture window. He did not try to bring the outside in but instead set about implementing the dictates of nature while never duplicating them. With him, architecture became an extension of the environment it occupied. Falling Water is not only a gracious house cantilevered over a waterfall; it is the epitome of that waterfall. The entire building is oriented to the

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Illinois Institute of Technology

Crown Hall by Mies van der Rohe, Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago—"Expresses his genius for fluent space."

sound and rhythm of water. One does more than see the falls; one hears them, feels their beat, senses their power, and misses them when they occasionally dry to a trickle.

Crown Hall at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago is, to my mind, Mies van der Rohe's finest building, though neither his largest nor most imposing. Yet it is his purest and the one that best expresses his genius for fluent space. With him, glass walls were never a means to indiscriminate "picture-window views" but to an uninterrupted flow of space, a space regulated by meticulous refinements. To approach Crown Hall from the street and participate in its lucid interior even before entering is to realize the meaning of its transparent shell. Finite boundaries evaporate; outside and inside are palpably connected. Again we become more than observers; we move through this space to share in its liberating life. We feel it as a force and are activated by it.

History has known earlier, breathtaking enclosed areas, probably the greatest of which was Hagia Sofia in Istanbul, but these interiors were commonly circumscribed by supporting walls that acted as both psychological and physical limitations. The functional aspects of Mies van der Rohe's buildings are less important than the heady sense of freedom they create, all the more remarkable in light of this architect's insistence on rigid discipline. In fact, he refused to live in one of his own apartment houses because he dreaded possible complaints from tenants who might lean more toward practicality than philosophy. For him, the overall conception, the idealism implicit in unfettered surroundings, took precedence over such mundane considerations as garbage-disposal units and kitchen pantries.

It is not unrestricted space but repetitive form that gives a sense of security to certain renowned Georgian streets in Dublin. Individual dwellings coalesce into a single structural personality. Discreet and austere, these houses were permitted only minor variations as they joined ranks to present clearly defined perspectives. Here it is not space but distance that counts. The insistent recurrence of related component units tends to pull one toward a nonexistent vanishing point. The streets, or at least those that have still escaped the bulldozer, multiply in orderly progression and provide Dublin with a strong structural continuity. They are not only the core; they are the meaning of the city, at once directing and reflecting the lives of its inhabitants. There is something curiously non-competitive, non-idiosyncratic about the self-contained unity of this echoing architecture. As a form of civic planning, it offers the ultimate in compact urbanity.

Perhaps the most determinedly philosophic architecture is the Japanese temple, which incorporates nature for the sole purpose of encouraging meditation. As a rule, these modest wooden structures are highly sophisticated in their deceptive simplicity and are so closely related to symbolic landscapes, represented in miniature by fastidiously arranged rocks, raked sand, plants, and trees, that buildings and surroundings become one. The juxtaposition of horizontal temple and understated environment provides a curiously abstract experience. Though the architecture was intended as a backdrop for solitude and contemplation, these days its meaning has been sadly subverted by formidable invasions, often of Japanese schoolchildren. There is no silence, no peace, no possibility of meditation. Now the wooden structures tremble under a steady assault, and to make matters worse, loudspeakers belch out electronic information. The architecture is, to be sure, still intact, yet without its former significance. The intimate balance between natural and man-made forms has been destroyed, and, though the original designs are clearly visible,

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they no longer provide sanctuaries for reverie or spiritual exploration. The privacy for which the buildings were intended has been violated.

Precisely the opposite is true of Bernini's great square leading to St. Peter's in Rome, where the entire architectural conception was planned for public participation on a vast scale. To understand this magnificent space is to experience it during an important religious festival, when thousands upon thousands of human beings bring it to life. Processions, pageantry, holy music (here, successfully amplified electronically) all contribute. Rising above the embracing colonnades are larger-than-life-size sculptures of saints and apostles gesturing in Baroque splendor and imperiously orchestrating the activity below. Again, here is an architecture not merely to observe but in this case to experience as a theatrical event. It provides a gathering place that has not dated, for present-day throngs energize it no less than did those of the past. When St. Peter's ceases to operate as a vital center of worship, its piazza will lapse into dead but nonetheless consummate archaeology. The very tumult that undermines Japanese architecture invigorates Baroque monuments.

If buildings as such seldom go beyond function and form, those that do are often more expressive than volumes of print or yards of painted canvas. After all, how can words adequately describe such ephemeral elements as space or speeding water? Mies van der Rohe and, before him, Bernini were both involved with space. They did not paraphrase it; they animated it on new multidimensional levels. One man created heroic enclosed space, the other a space without boundaries, but what made history was their understanding of its value as a liberating force.

Painters have explored the sea, rivers, ponds, waterfalls, and rain. The best of them have created poetic equivalents, but few pictures can capture the volatility of water with the same impact that Frank Lloyd Wright's house does, for there, a fugitive phenomenon is intensified by its illuminating surroundings.

Take a different example—the Taj Mahal—which, despite all the ballyhoo, is a monument of superlative beauty. This Moslem tomb has occasioned such a torrent of maudlin delight as to suggest the building is itself an exponent of unbridled emotions. Nothing could be further from the truth, for it has been conceived in the most chaste geometric terms. Everything is cool, remote, and mathematical. A rigid symmetry recalls the precision of a super-sensitive computer. If Borobudur is the physical essence of Buddhism, the Taj is the incarnation of Allah's teaching. Inspirational words have been written about both religions; yet direct contact by means of architecture can be more enlightening than the most expressive literature.

What I am trying to say is that certain rare structures become non-verbal amplifications of momentous movements and ideas. But this is not to say that an airport terminal which resembles an airplane is eligible, nor even memories of medieval strongholds which Louis Sullivan incorporated in a small (and, let me add, beautiful) Iowa bank. The latter could be considered more sculpture than architecture, what with its monolithic form and rich surface decoration. I am thinking instead of designs that neither borrow from the past nor mirror the present but concentrate on universal ideas in architectural terms. Because architecture, unlike painting and sculpture, goes beyond the visual to involve us in physical realities, it demands both psychological projection and kinetic participation. □

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Music

Ives, Schoenberg —and Berg

by Irving Kolodin

The four weeks bracketing the dates on which Schoenberg and Ives were born a century ago were marked by an expectable number of performances presenting music associated with both. The public response, however, was hardly of the sort that the sponsors might have anticipated. The first audience in Fisher Hall for the "Mini-Festival Around Ives," conceived and conducted by Pierre Boulez, was described by Harold Schonberg in *The New York Times* as "surprisingly small"; the one at the event I attended the next evening in the Juilliard Theater was embarrassingly small; the third, again in Fisher Hall, was obviously enlarged by papering or bargain rates: Few of the students in the expensive seats would have paid $8.00 (the principal ticket price) for them.

Meanwhile, Donal Henahan was responding, in the same issue of *The New York Times*, to a commemorative concert of the chamber music of Schoenberg in the New School for Social Research, with the observation: "After all this time, and in spite of the labors of many of this century's finest musicians, Schoenberg's newfound land has not enticed a wide audience." To this, Henahan added: "This centennial could be the time for us to face the hard truth about much of Schoenberg's later work."

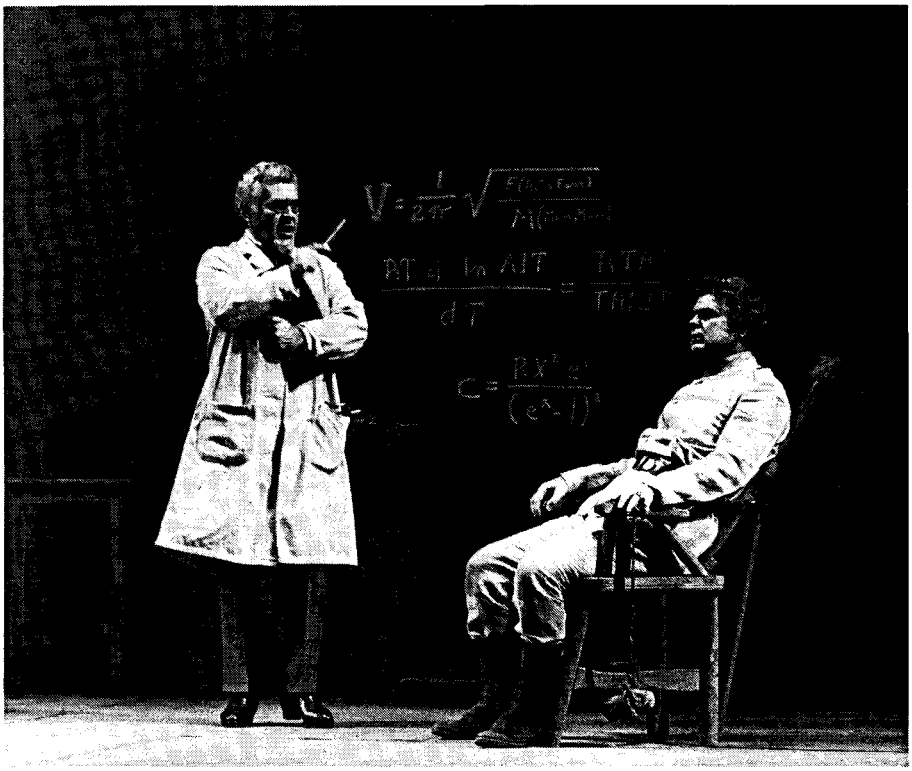
If I read these comments correctly, and also interpret rightly the mostly modest response to the Mini-Festival, the conclusion has to be: What interests musicians and what interests the musical public are by no means the same. If this provokes some irate musicians to assert, in Dickensian terms, "The public is an ass," it is perfectly proper for the audience to react in the only way available to it—by withholding support at the box office.

SQUARELY IN THE MIDDLE of the same time period was a clear indication that novelty alone is not the element separating what interests musicians from what interests the music public. If there is, under the unfamiliar exterior, an internal compulsion that generates emotional response, it will, eventually, reach its mark. Hardly a novelty to musicians (having first been performed nearly 50 years ago), Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* still bristles with much that is novel to the average operagoer. But it is back again on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, working its way to the responses of an audience that may wonder why but really doesn't care how. For all that Berg was a student, a satellite, and a dependent of Schoenberg, he had the poetic power to generate a response that his master lacked.

In the time since excerpts from the score were introduced to America at a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1931, *Wozzeck* has been heard under the direction of many and varied conductors. The first was the clinical Erich Kleiber; the second, the sensual Leopold Stokowski. In turn have come the introspective Dimitri Mitropoulos, the scholarly Joseph Rosenstock (at the City Opera), and the analytic Karl Böhm. Now the succession includes what must, for the sake of accuracy rather than alliteration, be called the lyrical James Levine. He is the youngest of all those identified and, of course, the one at the farthest distance from the time of *Wozzeck*'s creation. Perhaps he thus has a better vantage point from which to realize that Berg's work, for all that it was born under the star of Schoenberg, attained its fulfillment under the sun of Mahler. Given the list of conductors and the different paths to the results they achieved, the conclusion has to be that Berg achieved, in *Wozzeck*, the last thing he was aiming for—a repertory opera.

There were some moments, early in the evening, when blanketing orchestral sound and the faintness of the dramatic spark threatened to dampen the work's fire before it had been fanned to a blaze. The cast, most of them new to their roles in New York, was beset by caution, an overly soft-contoured treatment of the text, and an inability to deliver the English translation (the standard one of Eric Blackall and Vida Harford) with proper audibility. But there comes a point in *Wozzeck* when inability to distinguish the words ceases to be a crucial factor and raw emotion takes over.

It was exactly at this point, midway in act 2, that Peter Glossop began to show how his unfamiliar concept of *Wozzeck* was put together and thereby pulled together what was happening on stage. A big man physically (a special advantage in this part), Glossop stressed at the outset the *untermensch* submissiveness induced by the Berg treatment of the Georg Büchner play. It was, if



J. Heffernan

Donald Gramm (left) as the doctor and Peter Glossop in the title role of Alban Berg's Wozzeck*—"Still bristles with much that is novel to the average operagoer."*

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anything, an *unter untermensch* view of *Wozzeck*, undercharacterized as well as unpowerfully projected. The moment of reckoning for Wozzeck comes when the thick-headed army orderly begins to realize the magnitude of his paramour's affair with a handsome drum major and her downgrading of him by flaunting it to their friends and neighbors. The knowledge has to be either a catalyst or a deadening poison. Glossop reacted to it slowly, with bitterness and resentment. He even stoically accepted his brutal beating, in the barracks scene at the end of act 2, by the drum major.

But for all the beating, Glossop's Wozzeck was not a beaten man. When his rising gorge of anger erupted into the murderous knife thrusts from which the contemptuous Marie dies, it was not —as is the case with some Wozzecks—a bursting of bonds in a wholly unexpected way. It was, rather, the proper sum of all the data about Wozzeck that Glossop had shown the viewer. He was, also, decidedly a better vocalist in the showdown scenes than in the preparatory ones.

What was lacking earlier was the bite, the accent of suppressed venom, the authority in articulation to give key words the penetration they should possess. If, as alleged, Glossop had not previously performed the role in any theater, it could well have been the explanation for the transformation that occurred as the performance proceeded. It may be expected that Glossop will soon have full command from the start and will thus provide Levine's conception of the score with the strong central focus required to make the whole work cohere.

Overloud at the outset—he has a love affair with brass and percussion—Levine tempered his energy as the evening progressed and was eventually delivering the contours of Berg's writing with the lyric effect for which his treatment has been admired. Adroitness in the direction of *Wozzeck* can be achieved only in the theater. Nothing else prepares one for the performance of it, as one Italian opera may prepare one for conducting another, or a work of Wagner may prepare one for conducting a work of Strauss. On the basis of what he has shown to date, Levine should be, eventually, as good a conductor of *Wozzeck* at its beginning as he was, in his first try, at its end.

As Marie, Janis Martin presented a suitably buxom profile—why must all wenches be fat and slovenly, and aren't thin girls allowed lusty appetites?—delivered the music with assurance, and did not embarrass those around her by articulating the text better than the poor prevailing average. With her, as with such others of the cast as William Lewis as the drum major, Andrea Velis as the captain, and Kenneth Riegel as Andres, there was little effort to match the text to the patterns of pitched song-speech provided by Berg. This has its rationale in a theater of the Met's size: Full vocal support (rather than the Bergian falsetto) is required for audibility at a distance. But it is equally true that Berg made much of what he described as *bel parlando*, or "beautiful speech." To deny him this coloration is to undo a good deal of what is best and most characteristc in his voice writing. Joann Grillo, in the minor role of Margret, served these values well.

BY FAR the most complete characterization of all was Donald Gramm's choice study of the doctor: It was fastidious in every physical detail, penetrating in its perception of the place the character has in the drama, masterful in its selection of vocal coloration to highlight a particular word. Patrick Libby's direction improved as the action related less to individuals and more to ensembles, a form of theatrics to which this English newcomer is plainly disposed. The essential challenge to the director of *Wozzeck* in the setting designed by Casper Neher (inherited from a Bing production of 1959, which was a retread of a Berlin decor of the Thirties) is to get the people off and on stage in the time provided by Berg's interludes between scenes. Libby accomplished this minimal objective successfully and added more than a little of his own to the tavern and barracks scenes as they evolved. □

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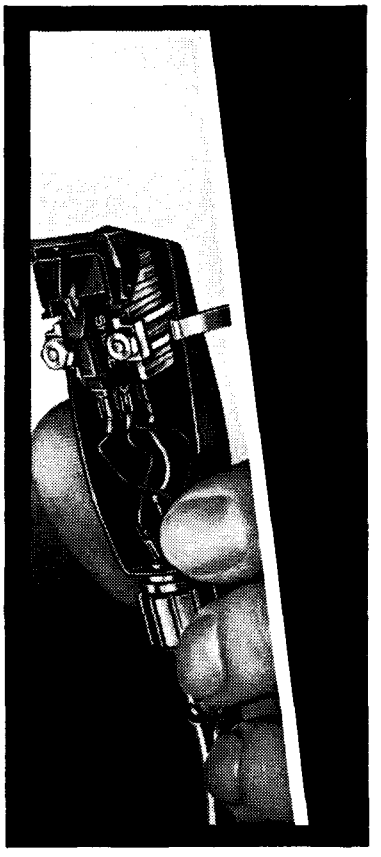

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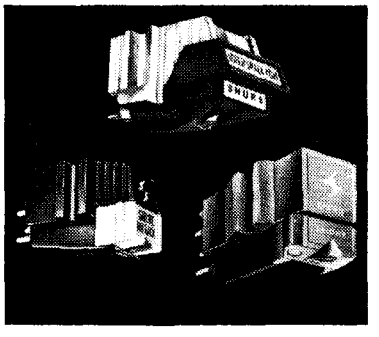

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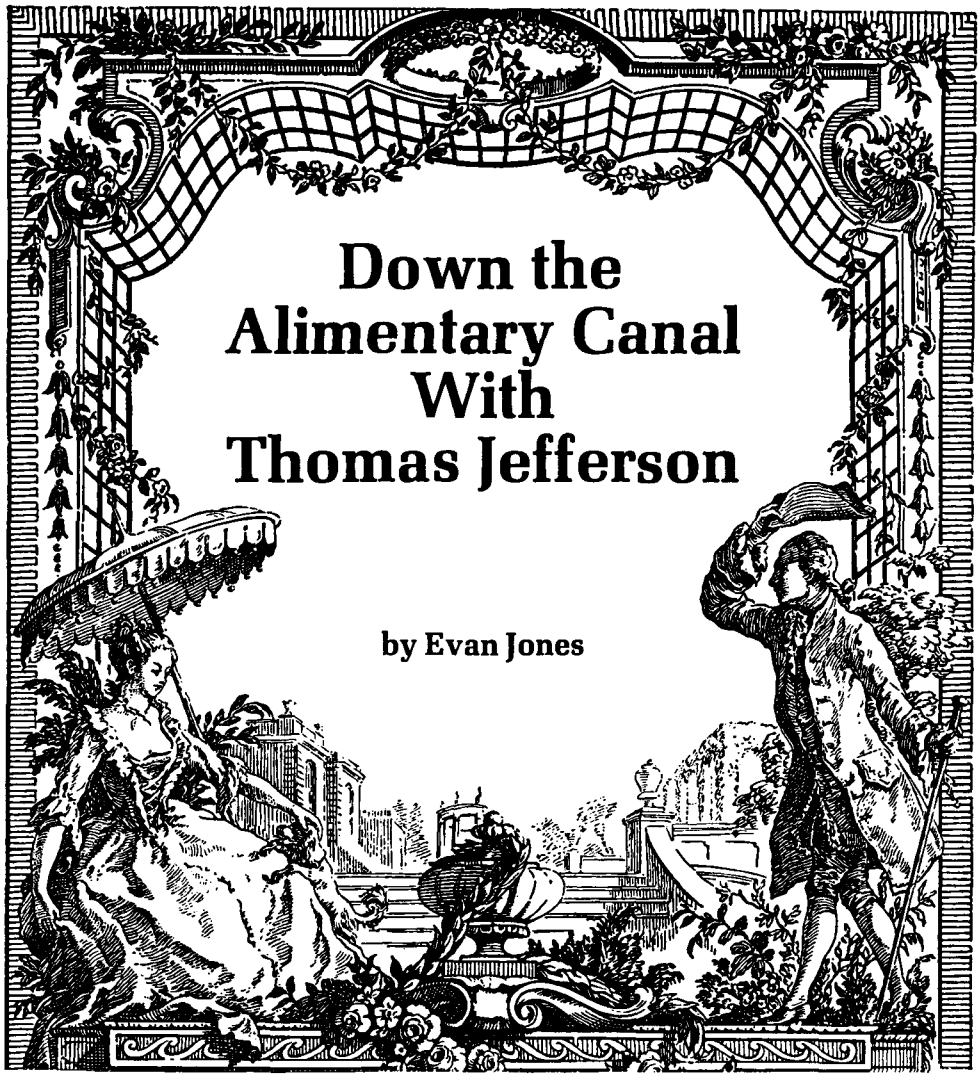
AMERICA AT TABLE

As Craig Claiborne, the archdeacon of Epicuria, was saying only the other day, the coming of gastronomic age in America is enough to dazzle the epiglottis. We are already out of egg roll and into Peking duck, out of spaghetti and into *orecchiette*, out of Pouilly-Fuissé and into Badascony Szürkebarát. The revolution is recorded in the portfolio that begins below with Jefferson, who perhaps began it all 200 years ago.

HORACE SUTTON



Down the Alimentary Canal With Thomas Jefferson

by Evan Jones

In his five years in Paris, where he followed Benjamin Franklin as U.S. envoy, as much of Jefferson's attention as he could spare was devoted to recipes rather than treaties, to the intimate secrets of the kitchen rather than those of state. Jefferson, as Marshall Fishwick put it a little too neatly, "wed Virginian and French cooking in one of the happiest unions recorded in the history of cookery."

At any rate, he did his best to do so. It was Jefferson who ensconced the first French chef in the White House. And he carried his point further when, bringing 11 servants to staff the executive mansion, he assigned two black girls, Edy and Fanny, as apprentices to Chef Julien so that they might learn advanced culinary ways. He was convinced that the Paris influence in the kitchen was worth paying for. "I have understood that twenty dollars a month is what is given to the best French cook," he wrote a friend, going on to say that he was so determined to find a superlative chef that he authorized his agent "to go as high as twenty-eight dollars." Forty percent more than the prevailing wage was simply not too great a premium for the assurance of having the best food in Virginia.

Patrick Henry permitted himself to get so riled by Jefferson's Gallic admirations that he once told a political rally that the author of the Declaration of Independence "abjured his native victuals." This was missing the point. For at the same time Edy and Fanny arrived

From American Food: The Gastronomic Story from Colonial Days to the Present and a Personal Treasury, by Evan Jones, to be published next spring by E. P. Dutton.

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to develop their skills under Julien's tutelage, Annette, the Monticello children's governess, joined the White House crew to make sure that the President also got the kind of southern food he had grown up with. Annette knew "just how he liked batter cakes, fried apples, and hot breads served with bacon and eggs at breakfast." Far from abjuring anything, Jefferson was determined to surround the best of Virginia food with the best from the European cuisine.*

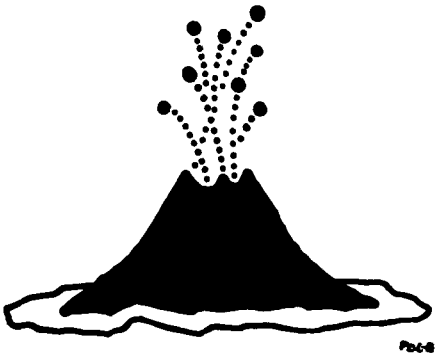
In this spirit Annette left a record of her way of making chicken hash, under the title *Capitolade* and with the stipulation, "This dish is for breakfast." Rich in chopped cooked chicken, mushrooms that came from the edges of nearby woods, homegrown shallots, onions, and garlic, *Capitolade* is the kind of dish that Southerners often have found at plantation breakfasts, and its sauce of dry white wine combined with chicken stock suggests Jefferson's encouragement of the use of his French vintages in the kitchen.

Waffles made by cooks like Annette were made from the same mixture of ingredients as *batter cakes*, the southern term that Yankees or Westerners might translate either as pancakes or griddlecakes. In Jefferson's South the French urge for the thinnest of batters was more often than not suppressed. One New World pancake, for instance, blended unbolted wheat flour and corn meal with eggs and clabber or curd—another combined flour with yeast and cooked hominy grits, whose pearly contribution made the cakes that sizzled on a hot griddle seem slightly heavy though smoothly textured and unlike any European forerunner. George Washington's mother was one of the cooks who made sure that cakes like these were even more American by serving them with a mixture of maple syrup and honey heated together. There were, as well, efforts to emulate French chefs more closely by making very thin dessert *crêpes*, still known in Virginia vernacular as "Quire-of-Paper Pancakes." These are mixtures of egg yolks, flour, butter, sugar, and white wine, and when they come hot off the griddle, the paper-thin cakes are stacked, with sprinklings of maple sugar on each surface, then cut in wedges like pie. Dating back to the same colonial period, "Pink-Colored Pancakes" also sometimes turned up as dessert on Virginia tables. There was nothing very French about these; they got their color from beets pulled fresh from the kitchen garden and their sweetness from coatings of preserved fruits.

JEFFERSON'S GARDEN, surely, was a boon to his cooks. He had planted such continental delicacies as broccoli and endive, together with vegetables about which even Patrick Henry could find no reason to complain. It was also true that he grew and ate tomatoes when the relatively few Americans who had heard of them considered them poison apples. Jefferson's garden got his closest attention, and for years he joined his neighbors in vying for the earliest harvest of peas, the winner playing host to the losers and serving the victorious crop as a highlight of a celebratory meal.

Just how keen on "native victuals" Jefferson really was can be seen in these entries from his 1774 *Garden Book*, ending on August 3 in a crescendo of pride for homegrown things:

May 16. First dish of peas from earliest patch.
May 26. A second patch of peas comes to the table.
June 4. Windsor beans come to table.
June 5. A third and fourth patch of peas come to table.
June 13. A fifth patch of peas come in.
July 13. Last dish of peas.
July 18. Last lettuce from Gehee's.
July 23. Cucumbers from our garden.
July 31. Watermelons from our patch.



Aug. 3. Indian corn comes to table. Black-eyed peas come to table.

Indian corn on August 3, of course, would be corn on the cob, picked and husked and cooked in the swiftest progress from field to hungry mouths. The *black-eyed peas* Jefferson noted that day really belong in the bean family (botanically *Vigna sinensis*); they would have been picked and shelled early in the morning, when still a bit dewy, kept in spring water until an hour before dinner time, then cooked in the French manner with bacon or white meat (salt pork) just long enough to preserve their garden tenderness. Monticello cooks may also have picked black-eyed peas before they were ripe, snapping them from the vines when only two or three inches long and following a Paris recipe for cooking the pods as one would prepare so-called French beans.

During the winter, dried black-eyed peas—they've also been known as field peas, cowpeas, whippoorwills, Jerusalem peas, Tonkin peas, and Marble peas—from earliest times have served the South in the same fashion as baked beans often staved off hunger for most of the rest of the country. Like all other beans, these marbled black-and-white legumes are enhanced by the flavor and fat of one or more kinds of meat. They would not have been found per se by Jefferson during his stay in France. But while minister, he had toured much of France and had seen the bean fields of Languedoc; there is at least a chance that he tasted a leguminous *cassoulet* at either Castelnaudary, Carcassonne, or Toulouse, for he stopped at each of these home towns of the classic French baked-bean dish. He investigated the provincial food with enthusiasm, and he wrote his friend Lafayette that the traveler who would learn about French food "must ferret people out of their hovels, as I have done, look into their kettles, eat their bread. . . ." Though he told Lafayette he had considered "the throwing of a morsel of meat" into some of the pots he saw, he didn't, so far as we know, include a recipe for *cassoulet* among all his notes on food; nevertheless there remains in some parts of Jefferson's South a casserole recipe that seems to demonstrate how a little of that kind of French influence is still recognizable in a forthright American dish of black-eyed peas.

This version of baked beans requires some cooked country ham and some leftover duck, wild or domestic. Deli-

*Perhaps others in the fledgling U.S. government might have learned from Jefferson. A French traveler during Washington's administration pointed out the importance of food in some diplomatic situations. He said of his country's minister to the new nation that his "maladroitness was such that when he dined at the home of M. [Alexander] Hamilton . . . he took with him two or three dishes cooked in the French fashion on the pretext of being on a diet." Needless to say, had the French minister dined with Jefferson such precautions would have been even more gratuitous.

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cious as they can be, such elaborations are not considered necessary among many Southerners.*

Sometimes, when black-eyed peas are served with sliced meat, no more than a dash of cream and some black pepper are added. When fresh black-eyed peas accompany roast meat, they are sometimes embellished with sour cream, cucumber, dill, caraway seed, oregano; this last may be the only one of the herbs listed that did not grow in Mr. Jefferson's garden.

In his years as President, he took time when he could to oversee all phases of supply and preparation of White House food. "He would get out the wagon early in the morning," his overseer Edmund Bacon later wrote, "and [his steward] Lamar would go with him to Georgetown to market. . . ." Bacon emphasized that "it often took fifty dollars to pay the marketing they would use that day." At Monticello, according to Bacon, guests came "in gangs," with or without invitations, "and they almost ate him out of house and home. . . . I have killed a fine beef and it would be all eaten in a day or two. There was no tavern in all that country that had so much company." Jefferson himself, said Bacon, "was never a great eater, but what he did eat he wanted to be very choice. . . . He was especially fond of Guinea fowls, and for meat he preferred good beef, mutton, and lamb." With a sense of the history he played a part in, Bacon added that "Meriwether Lewis's mother made very nice hams. And every year I used to get a few from her for [the President's] special use."

EDMUND BACON is one of many who have left impressions both of Jefferson as host and of the French influences he brought to his table which the overseer described as "Chock-full [of] congressmen, foreigners, and all sorts of people." He said they would sit down to a four P.M. dinner and talk on into the night. One of them, Congressman Manasseh Cutler of puritan Massachusetts, preserved a Jefferson menu for February 6, 1802, that had offered White House guests "rice soup, round of beef, turkey, mutton, ham, loin of veal, cutlets of mutton, fried eggs, fried beef, and a pie called macaroni."† Desserts included "Ice cream very good, crust wholly dried, crumbled into thin flakes; a dish somewhat like a pudding—inside white as milk or curd, very porous and light, covered with cream sauce—very fine. Many other jim cracks, a great variety of fruit, plenty of wine (and good)." A list Jefferson had made of desserts fashionable at the French court when he lived in Paris included pastries, custards, cakes, sweet fritters, and a variety of fruit compotes. He had brought home a delicate recipe for blancmange made with almond paste and gelatin, and some of the French sauces he asked his Virginia kitchen to duplicate were those known as *hachée, tournée, piquante,* and *Robert.*

Margaret Bayard Smith, who played an active part in the first 40 years of the capital's social life, recalled long after Jefferson's death that the President's dinners were beyond comparison with any others given in the White House. She said succinctly that "Republican simplicity was united to Epicurean delicacy" in a style of hospitality not emulated often enough in the new nation. Seeing things differently, John Adams was nonetheless still impressed when he wrote: "I held levees once a week that all my time might not be wasted by idle visits. Jefferson's whole eight years was a levee. I dined a large company once or twice a week. Jefferson dined a dozen every day."‡

The open-handed hospitality that distinguished Jeffersonian dinners invested all the meals at which he presided. "The French style" was duly noted by the New England educator George Ticknor, who was a Monticello visitor as a young man; and Ticknor was impressed as well with the breakfasts that might on the same day include braised partridges, eggs, bacon, cold meats, fried apples, various hot breads, along with the ever-present batter cakes, and a tansy pudding that may have softened the bitter taste of that herb by following an old recipe which mixed tansy with sweeteners, brandy, eggs, milk, citron, and spices. (In her chronicle of capital life, Margaret Bayard Smith noted a similar menu in describing a "most excellent Virginian breakfast" when she visited James and Dolley Madison.) And "Pannequaiques," a festive recipe Jefferson had picked up from his chef in Paris, also became a favorite French addition to Monticello breakfasts. □

*A legendary southern bean dish is known as Hoppin' John, most closely associated with the Carolinas. Variations of Hoppin' John are served also in Georgia and Florida, in fact in most states of the Old South. The dish is traditionally a high point of a New Year's Day meal when a shiny dime is often buried among the beans before serving. He who gets the coin in his portion is assured good luck throughout the year.

†It seems that macaroni and Parmesan cheese were two of Thomas Jefferson's favorite foods. The macaroni pie that Cutler mentions belongs in this category, but it failed to enchant the Massachusetts congressman; his description says it "appeared to be a rich crust filled with strillions of onions, or shallots, which I took them to be, tasted very strong, and not agreeable. Mr. Lewis [T.J.'s secretary, later to be sent with William Clark to explore the Louisiana Purchase] told me there were none in it; it was made of flour and butter, with a particularly strong liquor mixed with it."

"Twenty years it took me to discover fire—and now you tell me you can't cook."

Raised in Minnesota, Evan Jones writes about history. His wife, Judith Jones, edits cookbooks for Alfred A. Knopf.

‡Some clue to dinner à la Adams may be found in these lines by John Quincy Adams, second member of that family to be a White House host: "At home I find the table spread, / And dinner's fragrant steams invite, / But first the two fold stairs I tread, / My atmospheric tale to write. / Then seated round the social board, / We feast, 'til absent friends are toasted, / Though sometimes *my* delays afford / The beef or mutton *over-roasted.*"

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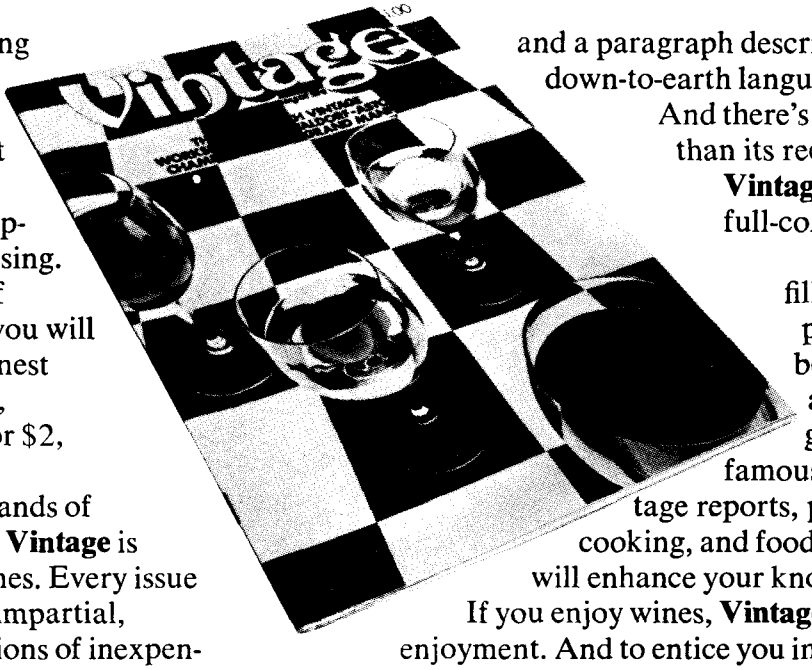

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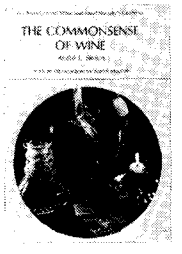

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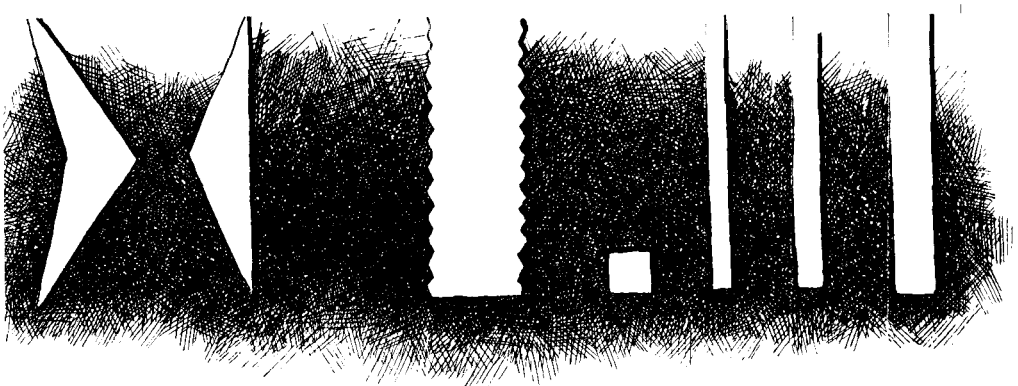

The Classic Italian Cook Book. Copyright © 1973 by Marcella Polini Hazan.

Some varieties of cut pasta: Tagliatelle (far right)—"The classic noodle."

And She Called It Macaroni

Bucatini? Fusilli? Conchiglie? You can't tell a pasta without a program. An Italian expert offers a handy glossary for identifying and using the noodle.

by Marcella Hazan

If Scheherazade had been an Italian girl, she wouldn't have had to tell stories. She could have won her daily reprieve by plying the sultan with a different and delectable dish of pasta for 1,001 nights, or for every night of his life if it had been necessary. Italian regional cooking boasts more than 60,000 clearly recognized different dishes—not including an unnumbered host of individual variations—and a notable part of this astonishing repertory consists of a confusing variety of pastas. It is unlikely that man's inventiveness has ever been poured out in larger measure on any other single group of artifacts.

Pasta is made in dozens of different shapes, each of which is multiplied by variations in size, thickness, and surface texture. As pasta changes size and shape, it develops differences in character so that each type requires a suitable cooking procedure and a uniquely compatible set of sauces. It is hard to believe that the stunted, monotonous menus of so-called Italian restaurants in this country have been culled from such a wealth of material. And even harder to accept as fixtures of these menus are such creations as spaghetti with meatballs or "manicotti," which are not even native to Italy.

Homemade pasta is usually made of wheat flour and eggs, rolled out into a flat, thin sheet, and cut into different shapes, lengths, and widths, depending upon whether it is used for noodles, lasagne, or stuffed specialties, such as tortellini.

Store-bought pasta is what we call macaroni in America. Macaroni is factory-made from hard durum-wheat flour and water. It comes in a seemingly unlimited number of shapes, nearly all of which can be described as being long and narrow or short and broad, flat or tubular, solid or hollow, smooth or ridged. What is harder to do is to keep track of the nomenclature. It seemed not quite cumbersome enough for each pasta shape to have a name of its own; so, in many cases, it was given two, three, or more different names. To make things even more exquisitely confusing, the same name, when used in another region or on another manufacturer's box, is often applied to a different shape.

This brief glossary does not intend to settle or to stir any great etymological controversy. Its objective is to give some useful descriptions, to show that the world of pasta can be infinitely more interesting and varied than most people suspect, and to encourage readers to strike out exploring on their own. The reader should be able to find nearly all of the packaged pastas here described in his local Italian grocery. There are others that can be made at home, using the detailed instructions of any good Italian cookbook. A few probably had best be left for discovery at their own native source.

A converted biologist, Marcella Hazan lives in New York Her husband, Victor, translates her works from the Italian. Her chef d'oeuvre is The Classic Italian Cookbook *(Harper's Magazine Press).*

Macaroni Pasta

BUCATINI. Also known as PERCIATELLI. It is a thicker, hollow version of spaghetti. Its most famous preparation originated in Amatrice, near Rome. *Bucatini all'Amatriciana* is served with a sauce made of rendered pork fat (or butter), pork jowl (or *pancetta,* Italian bacon), tomatoes, hot red pepper, and *pecorino romano* cheese.

CONCHIGLIE. Means "seashells." This variety of pasta resembles those rounded shells that are pinched at both ends, have a long, narrow opening, and are sometimes used in necklaces or bracelets. It comes either ridged or smooth, and its cavity is ideal for trapping meat sauces or sauces made with ham and peas or crumbled sausages and cream.

FUSILLI. A spiral version of spaghetti. Also called, in slightly different forms, TORTIGLIONI or ROTELLE. This shape is particularly well suited to clinging, thick, creamy sauces containing bits of sausage or ham or vegetables, such as zucchini. It does not go well with loose tomato or oil-based sauces.

PASTINA. A general term for a whole variety of tiny pasta shapes, such as *anellini, stellette, ditalini,* and others. It is best served with a good homemade meat broth and topped with freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

PENNE. Means "quills" and is shaped somewhat like a very broad, diagonally truncated quill. It is usually smooth, although there are also ridged "quills," PENNE RIGATE. The classic accompaniment for *penne* is a light, briefly simmered sauce of tomatoes and butter.

RIGATONI. A stubby, hollow, slightly curved, ridged tubular macaroni. It is ideal with meat-and-cheese sauces. Because it maintains its firmness longer than most macaroni does, it is often first boiled, drained, and sauced, then topped with béchamel and baked.

SPAGHETTI. Thin, solid strings whose thickness determines how it is served. Thin spaghetti, or SPAGHETTINI, usually tastes best with oil-based sauces containing clams, mussels, or other seafood or such vegetables as eggplant and zucchini. One of the most satisfying and fastest preparations for *spaghettini* is *ajo e ojo,* olive oil with sautéed garlic. Spaghetti, on the other hand, has a special affinity for butter and cheese and tomato sauces. Though spaghetti can be served with ham and peas or bacon and cheese or crumbled sausages and cream, it is hardly, if ever, served with meat sauce and certainly never with meatballs. In Naples and other parts of the south, spaghetti and spaghettini are sometimes known as *vermicelli* and *vermicellini.*

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ZITI. Basically a smaller, smooth-surfaced version of *rigatoni*. Like *rigatoni*, it is often served baked.

Homemade Pasta

Although all the following pastas are traditionally made by hand at home, some have been produced commercially and are available at Italian groceries.

AGNOLOTTI. A crescent-shaped dumpling stuffed usually with meat. In Piedmont, where this is a specialty, *agnolotti* is boiled, drained, coated with the gravy from roast game, then lightly sautéed in the pan before serving. During the truffle season, in fall and winter, it is topped with sliced, fragrant white truffles.

CAPPELLETTI. Means "little hats." This variety of pasta is a dumpling in the shape of a small, peaked hat. It is made in the Romagna section of Emilia, that part of the country which is the locale of Fellini's autobiographical films. The pasta's stuffing contains chopped chicken breast, pork, *mortadella*, *ricotta*, Parmesan cheese, and nutmeg. It is traditionally served on Christmas Day in a fine chicken broth.

CAVATIEDDI. Resembles small seashells and is made in Apulia of a dough combining soft and hard flour and water. It is cooked together with *rucola* (arugola) and served with olive oil in which garlic and hot red pepper have been sautéed.

FETTUCCINE. The Roman version of the egg noodle, a little thicker and narrower than Bolognese *tagliatelle* (see below). *Fettuccine all'Alfredo*—boiled and drained *fettuccine* tossed in the pan with butter, grated Parmesan, and heavy cream—is not actually a product of the traditional Roman kitchen. It is a relatively recent restaurant creation and very good all the same.

LASAGNE VERDI. A specialty of Emilia-Romagna. The dough is made of eggs, flour, and chopped spinach, rolled out very thin and cut into broad, short ribbons. Layers of the parboiled lasagne are alternated with a light coating of meat sauce mixed with béchamel and grated cheese, and baked.

MACCHERONI ALLA CHITARRA. Not "macaroni" pasta at all but a homemade noodle made of flour and eggs. The dough is worked to a very firm consistency and cut into noodles on the steel wires of a special guitarlike tool. This dish is served with any meat sauce, but the traditional Abruzzese sauce for it is made of chopped lamb, peppers, tomatoes, white wine, and oil flavored with a little garlic and bay leaf.

ORECCHIETTE. Means "little ears," and that is what it looks like. It is made in Apulia of the same dough as *cavatieddi* (see above) and given its shape with a twist of the fingertips. A traditional way of preparing it is to cook it with broccoli or cauliflower before serving it with olive oil in which garlic has been sautéed and anchovy fillets have been dissolved.

PANSOTTI or, as it is written in the dialect of Liguria, PANSÔTI. A triangular dumpling filled with five specially prescribed and carefully balanced wild greens, *ricotta*, eggs, and grated cheese. It is served with *salsa de nõxe*, a *pesto* made with walnuts instead of basil (see *trenette* below).

PIZZOCCHERI. A thick, darkish noodle from the Valtellina, the hilly northern section of Lombardy. It is made of buckwheat flour mixed with regular flour and water. It should be cooked with potatoes and vegetables, such as kale or Swiss chard stalks, drained, covered with slivers of soft cheese, grated Parmesan, and butter lightly flavored with sautéed onion and fresh sage.

TAGLIATELLE. The classic noodle, originated in Bologna. It is usually served *alla Bolognese*, with meat sauce.

TORTELLINI. A tiny, ring-shaped dumpling made in Bologna. It can be stuffed with a filling similar to that of *cappelletti*, or simply with parsley, *ricotta*, and grated cheese. It can be served with meat sauce or with a sauce made of butter, grated cheese, and heavy cream.

TRENETTE. The Genoese version of *tagliatelle*, only slightly narrower and thicker. Served with tiny sliced and boiled new potatoes and *pesto*. *Pesto* is made of fresh basil, garlic, olive oil, pine nuts, Parmesan cheese, *pecorino* cheese, and butter. It is never cooked, but mashed by hand in a mortar or made in a blender.

For those who are genuinely interested in coming close to the authentic flavor of Italian pasta when they prepare it at home, two suggestions:

First: In all our markets there are jars of a substance that looks and tastes like wood shavings but is labeled grated cheese. I don't know what anybody would use it for, but it has nothing to do with Italian cooking. With pasta, use only cheese freshly grated at home from a piece of genuine *parmigiano-reggiano*, or, if it is called for, *pecorino romano*.

Second: Pasta is cooked *al dente*, firm to the bite. This means tender, but not mushy; firm, but not stiff. Soft pasta is not pasta; it is paste. □

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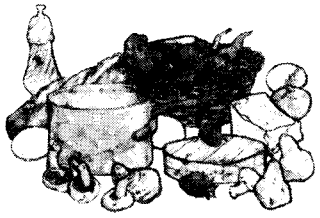

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Foreword by **André Simon**

The University of Chicago Press

*former food editor, Chicago Sun-Times

A Seasoning of Cookbooks

The Store Cookbook by Bert Greene and Denis Vaughan (Henry Regnery Co., 256 pp., $7.95). The co-owners of The Store in Amagansett, Long Island, N.Y., write alternate acts of this splendid collection of party-food recipes laced with bitchy, funny anecdotes about the Beautiful Summer People whose parties they rescue.

I Cook as I Please by Nika Hazelton (Grosset & Dunlap, 344 pp., $10.00). An exuberant, opinionated, irreverent cookbook-autobiography by a much-traveled woman with an adventurous palate. Memories and recipes from the world over.

Fernand Point: Ma Gastronomie, translated and adapted by Frank and Patricia Kulla (Lyceum Books, 177 pp., $14.95). A long biographical introduction by Joseph Wechsberg evokes the world of gastronomic art created by a true master in his famous restaurant, La Pyramide. Point's professional notes can't be used by amateurs, but one can dream.

The World Atlas of Food (Simon & Schuster, 319 pp., $29.95). Jane Grigson supervised a platoon of editors and researchers in this elaborate and beautiful English production that includes more than 40 cuisines and a formidable amount of information about food.

The Great Cooks Cookbook, a Good Cooking School Cookbook (Ferguson/Doubleday, 270 pp., $12.50). James Beard and some of the New York food fraternity dragged onstage together for some uneven performances. A handsome book though, well worth having.

Cooking Wild Game by Zack Hanle (Liveright, 225 pp., $12.95). At last, the real thing! An authoritative book written by an expert cook from a hunting family. All you need to know about dressing and preparing American game, and a shopping guide for non-gunners.

Nebraska Pioneer Cookbook, compiled by Kay Graber (University of Nebraska Press, 164 pp., paper, $3.25). Old sod-buster recipes, boardinghouse menus, the usual denigrations from traveling Englishmen—all express the history and sociology of the Territory in terms of food.

Cooking for Carefree Weekends by Molly Finn and Jeri Laber (Simon & Schuster, 204 pp., $7.95). Country-weekend menus arranged by the calendar with foods appropriate to the season. Intelligent recipes that telescope kitchen time with planned leftovers to make entirely different second meals.

Nothing Beets Borscht by Jane Blanksteen (Atheneum, 242 pp., $8.95). Russian home cooking researched firsthand by a Yale undergraduate in Russian studies. An unstuffy cookbook, with patches of history and folklore—refreshing to read and easy to cook from.

Simple French Food by Richard Olney (Atheneum, 306 pp., $10). An American painter living in Provence explores in vigorous detail the essence of French bourgeois cuisine. Exhilarating gastronomic writings and a fine collection of lesser-known recipes for serious cooks.

The Good Food of Szechwan by Robert A. Delfs (Kodansha, 120 pp., $6.95). Super color photos and line drawings. An American sinologist collected these authentic recipes for the dazzling, peppery food of western China. Not simple, but with some patient chopping these recipes produce fine food.

Chinese Vegetarian Cooking by Kenneth H. C. Lo (Pantheon, 224 pp., $6.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Teaches the fundamentals of Chinese cookery and makes a vegetarian life seem almost bearable. (A useful book, with meat additions for carnivores.)

Greek Islands Cooking by Theonie Diakidis Mark (Little, Brown, 303 pp., $8.95). Traditional family dishes set down for Americans by a native of Rhodes known as Theonie, goddess of Greek cooking to East Coast telly audiences. A nationwide shopping guide for special ingredients makes it all possible.

The Cuisine of Armenia by Sonia Uvezian (Harper & Row, 412 pp., $12.50). The economy and tastiness of this cuisine should be considered by the poor and daring. Especially interesting cold and hot vegetable dishes occasionally using small amounts of meat to advantage.

Maida Heatter's Book of Great Desserts by Maida Heatter (Knopf, 411 pp., $10). The author is a real *pâtissier* who supplied her husband's restaurant. No compromises, no shortcuts, in this international *haute cuisine* collection of lush desserts.

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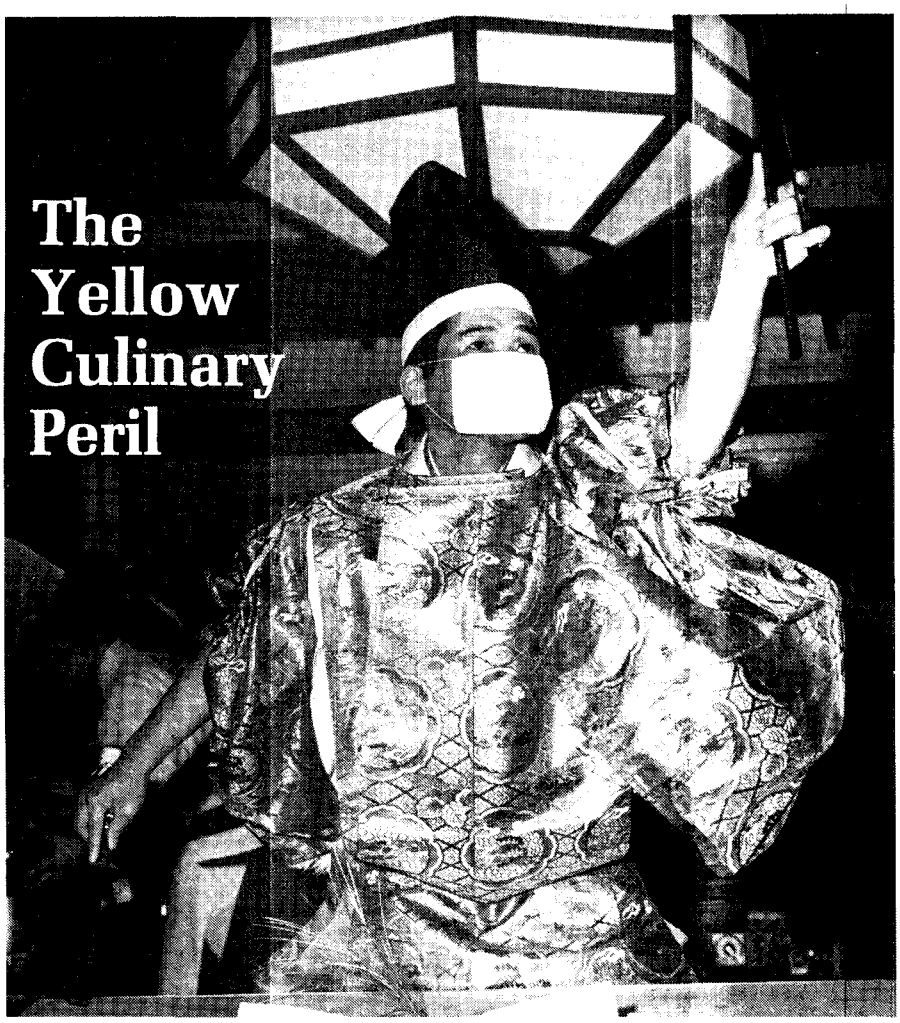
The Yellow Culinary Peril



Flying Camera Inc.
Ceremony at New York's Inagiku Restaurant—"They lunch on raw tuna and squid."

What started, innocuously enough, with chow mein, has become a full-fledged invasion of Oriental delights. Raw fish or pig's ear in hot oil, anyone?

by James Villas

Until fairly recently the American custom of "eating Chinese" (which for most people naturally meant "eating Oriental") had remained essentially unchanged for over a half-century. Just about every major city in the United States had at least one Chinese restaurant, and I rather imagine everyone at one time or another had experienced an incredibly inexpensive feast of egg rolls, won ton soup, chicken chow mein, chop suey, sweet-and-sour pork, fried rice, and who knows how many other all-too-familiar Cantonese edibles washed down with endless pots of weak tea. Of course, most of the items listed on the dog-eared menus were about as authentically Chinese as French fries, but nobody knew the difference, and besides, it all tasted good and different and a bit exotic. As for other Oriental cuisines, it's safe to say that they were virtually unknown to all but professional epicures and adventuresome world travelers, most of whom returned from the Far East with strange tales about eating raw chicken, shark skin, dried seaweed, sea cucumbers, and something called arum root.

Well, times and tastes can indeed change rapidly, and as old Confucius might say if he could study the present culinary scene in many of our cities, one man's pork with Szechwan pickle is no longer the next man's diced pig's ear in scorching-hot Hunan sauce. Even to suggest that our approach these days to Oriental cookery is still casual would be, well, absurd as well as an outright insult to the multitude of professional and amateur cooks working over their woks, hibachis, and tempura bars. More and more Chinese restaurants, to be sure, are springing up all over the country, and if owners have any sense whatsoever, they are including not only the traditional dishes from the province of Canton but also a few preparations representing the cooking styles of Peking, Szechwan, Hunan, Shanghai, and even Fukien. People seriously interested in food are placing side by side with their Julia Child tomes the Chinese cookbooks of Craig Claiborne and Virginia Lee, Florence Lin, Grace Chu, and countless other authors. At the same time gourmets are scanning specialty shops for woks and spatulas, Chinese cleavers, cooking chopsticks, steaming pots, hibachi tables, dried black mushrooms, ready-made won ton skins, chrysanthemum leaves, and any other equipment or comestibles considered necessary for preparing a proper Oriental meal. Enthusiasts like to refer to the *Pao* (stir-fry) and *Liu* (simmered in rice wine) methods of preparing food; they encourage eating many little meals per day (or *Tien-Hsin*); they devour excessively hot preparations while the tears flow; they drool over the Japanese raw-fish appetizer known as *sashimi*; they sit cross-legged on straw mats in tatami rooms; and everyone dreams of achieving *Wo* (supreme harmony).

Without doubt everybody is still a bit confused, but as long as the cuisine stems from China, Japan, Thailand, Vietnam, or Korea, Americans are ready to accept what might be considered an outright gastronomic Oriental invasion. As might be expected, Chinese cookery is still the most popular, but God forbid that anyone with any epicurean style whatsoever should limit his or her indulgence to Cantonese fare.

So how did the boom all start? Well, no one knows for sure, but it would seem fairly logical that the trend began when the new immigration act of 1965 lured to America a new generation of talented Chinese chefs representing the major culinary regions of China. It would also seem logical that the initial signs of the culinary explosion should have appeared on the West Coast, particularly in the highly Chinese-populated city of San Francisco. Not so, for the truth is that when the first Szechwan restaurant opened in New York City, in the mid-Sixties, the Big Apple became and has remained the center of all the

Southern-born James Villas writes about food and drink. He is a regular contributor to Esquire *and* Town and Country.

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action. First there was Szechwan cookery, followed by Pekingese (or Mandarin), then Shanghainese, fiery Hunan, Yunnan, and eventually Fukienese. As one critic appropriately put it, "Every time things begin to settle down, someone comes up with a new province."

Although the enterprising new proprietors had the fabulous markets in Chinatown practically at their fingertips, they generally chose to open their restaurants in the better exposed, more lucrative sections of town—the West Village, Wall Street, midtown, and the fashionable Upper East Side. The gamble paid off, for by the early Seventies thousands of locals and many out-of-towners who had regularly patronized the unpretentious Cantonese haunts that line Pell and Mott streets in Chinatown were flocking farther uptown to taste the new styles of Chinese food amidst slick, often elegant, surroundings. Informative articles and favorable restaurant reviews began to appear in newspapers and magazines, cookbooks on the "new" Chinese cuisines were published almost overnight, Chinese cooking schools opened, gourmet shops featured everything but recipes by Mao Tse-tung, and, to spread the good news to the far corners of the nation, *Gourmet* magazine decided to schedule a series of features entitled "Techniques of Chinese Cuisine." Then came Richard Nixon's trip to China, an important event that, while accomplishing other goals of a non-gustatory nature, managed to arouse even more national interest in what people eat in the Orient.

Of course, quickly catching up with the Chinese have been the Japanese, who are carrying through the marketplace a lot more than sukiyaki and jugs of saki. Ten years ago even New Yorkers had to look hard and wide for Japanese restaurants, and I can easily remember how, after searching dark streets on the West Side for little "finds" that were supposed to exist far up above ground level, I inevitably ended up at one of two respectable restaurants: Saito or Miyako. Then a young, energetic man who called himself Rocky Aoki arrived in New York and opened the first Benihana of Tokyo, and today Americans from Chicago to San Francisco to Miami are hurrying to their local Benihana to sit around large hibachi tables, admire geisha-clad waitresses, learn about Kobe beef, and watch the chef do his thing. (Currently there are 21 Benihanas located throughout the United States.)

More important, however, is the fact that while the very popular but now standard Japanese steak houses continue to proliferate in all areas of the country, urban Americans are demanding more and more classical Japanese cuisine—and they're finding it in an increasing number of authentic, attractive restaurants. Today nothing is more fashionable in Gotham than perching at tempura bars to enjoy a variety of seafood and vegetables dipped in batter and deep fried, and it's by no means rare at midday to see well-dressed businessmen sitting casually at the sushi counters of Kobe East, Saito, or Sakura Chaya, where they lunch on morsel-sized combinations of raw fish, tuna, squid, octopus, and other delicacies that one dips in soy sauce, ginger, or a grated horseradish known as *wasabi*. Following the

example of Nobuyoshi Kuraoka, a brilliant innovator who refused to compromise his culinary and aesthetic principles when he opened the highly respected and successful Nippon, Japanese restaurateurs are going all out, not only to serve imaginative cuisine but also to demonstrate their country's incredible affluence throughout the world. Yesterday the scene was hidden away in dark tearooms on the West Side, but today even New Yorkers are a bit stunned when told that the two "in" places to dine are Shinbashi on Park Avenue and Inagiku in, mind you, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Without doubt the most frustrating aspect of the present happenings is the fact that few people seem to be able really to grasp any distinct differences among many of the various cuisines. Korean cookery, for instance, offers vivid contrasts in flavor (especially in the subtle use of lemon grass and garlic), but exactly what distinguishes such dishes as *sinsullo* (a multi-ingredient soup) and *bul go ki* (grilled beef) from equally spicy Japanese soups and numerous hibachi meat preparations? New York now has four or five Thai restaurants, but because they are not able to obtain mangosteens, durians, longans, and all the other exotic fruits and vegetables that form the basis for the unique Thai cuisine, one might as well go to a good Chinese or Japanese restaurant. And I'd say the same observation holds true for the couple of Vietnamese places scattered around.

It's no news to anyone who's made the rounds of Oriental restaurants that the greatest confusion by far revolves around the profusion of Chinese cooking styles. Even after talking with such veteran experts as Irene Kuo, owner of The Gingko Tree in New York, and Grace Chu, author of *The Pleasures of Chinese Cookery*, I still find the details rather baffling.

The main point to remember is that there are five major cuisines in China, some identified by province, others by town. The most classic cookery is that of Canton, located in the south. To the southeast is the province of Fukien, known for its mellow, subtly seasoned soups and seafood dishes as well as for its delectable spareribs. In the eastern provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang, the cities of Yangchow, Soochow, and Shangchow take pride in their bland but suave vegetable preparations and in their fresh fruit, but the most famous cuisine of the area is found in Shanghai. According to Irene Kuo, authentic Shanghainese food is generally finely cut, shredded, or minced, highly seasoned, and prepared with a good deal of soy sauce, sugar, and a discreet amount of star anise. "Actually," she says, "it's a very simple, family-style cuisine that includes lots of rice and, in my opinion, lacks the poetry of the more delicate (and unsung) Yangchow specialties." By contrast, the cuisine of Peking in the north, characterized by its liberal use of garlic and scallions, is considerably more hardy and robust, featuring not only many roasted meats but, above all, the world-famous Peking duck.

The fifth major cuisine of China is Szechwanese, which inspired the current craze in the United States and is perhaps the most misunderstood by Westerners and misrepresented by those who have popularized it. Any reference to Szechwan cooking in this country automatically conjures up the vision of

(Continued on page 58.)

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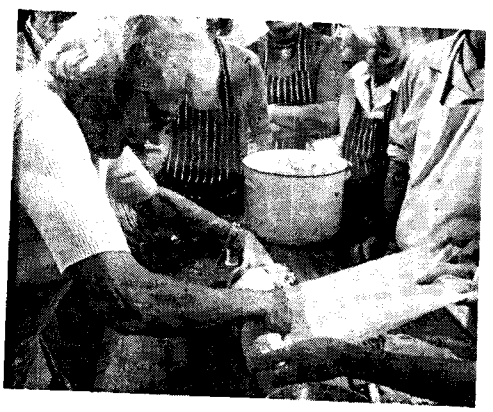

In a redwood grove at the Schramsberg winery, above, staff sets table for Simca and students (below). They dined on pâté de penin de Fontainebleau.

At the Mondavi winery Simca carefully evaluates the local California grape.

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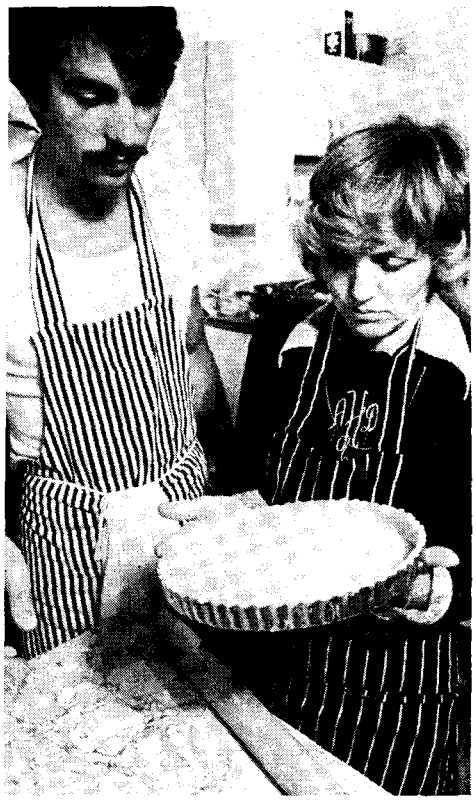

All hands work at dressing ducks, upper left, for a complicated galantine en gelée. *Ducks are wrapped in cheese cloth, left, for poaching, part of a three-day process. Students prepare a pastry for pear tart, above, while student Harriet Roth of Los Angeles tests clarified jelly for escabêche.*

CALIFORNIA COOK-IN ...at $214.29 a day

Photographs by Peter Simon

Twenty citizens, each equipped with a spare $1,500 and a penchant for mastering the art of French cooking, assembled in California's Napa Valley this fall to attend the most expensive cooking school on record: $1,500 a week. Even in these no-disposable-income times, the amateur cooks came from Connecticut, Minnesota, and Kansas to attend classes given by the *maîtresse* herself, Simone (Simca) Beck, co-author with Julia Child, her cooking companion, of both volumes of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* (Knopf). Lured from France by Michael James, her 24-year-old American protégé, Simca, 70, put two classes through an arduous drill. The students cooked mornings and afternoons, dined on their splendors (or disasters), picnicked stylishly among the redwoods, visited vineyards, traveled by chauffeured limousine. Everyone lived on a sumptuous estate near Rutherford, two hours from San Francisco, surrounded by servants and ripening grapes. In case any coiffures were ruffled by the dizzying schedule, James maintained an in-house hairdresser on 24-hour call. □

Michael James and Simone Beck in the redwoodlands. Quel coup gastronomique!

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One Oenophile's Odyssey

Even the wine racks are going multinational. Here is the morning line on such unlikely exporters as Hungary, Greece, and—would you believe?—Australia.

by Bruce Galphin

When Passe-Tout-Grains appeared in American wineshops, it was inevitable that a deluge of the whole world's wines would follow. Passe-Tout-Grains is the bottom-of-the-barrel Burgundy appellation that might loosely be translated as "anything goes." Four years ago it could be found only in learned books and at such dead ends as the stand-up bar at Lyons Airport. No self-respecting Burgundy café would have offered it, even in carafe.

Its appearance on American retail shelves was a distress signal sent up by shippers and importers. For until French wine prices ballooned and then orbited, the cost of bottling, shipping, duty, and commercial markups had knocked Passe-Tout-Grains out of competition with good French wines.

Mercifully, American consumers reconsigned the label to anonymity. Few bought the second bottle. But the import industry's panic remained. Shippers and major direct-import buyers reasoned correctly that a sliver of American consumers would continue to pay whatever necessary for famous labels. But for the vast majority of the newly wine-conscious public, they had to find substitutes in the two-to-five-or-six-dollar range.

Like their forebears, merchants took to the seas and explored the world. Only Antarctica has been ignored. From the several continents new and exotic labels are flowing into the United States in intoxicating numbers.

Many wines had dribbled in before in limited quantities to satisfy ethnic communities, hobbyists, and nostalgic travelers. But the sheer volume of once-rare labels is impressive. Suddenly, consumers are confronted with wines from Argentina, Australia, Romania, South Africa, Hungary, Israel, Chile, even Russia (via PepsiCo), to say nothing of Spain, Portugal, Greece, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Italy, the United States—and, oh yes, France.

A SERIOUS APPRENTICE may have devoted years to mastering Bordeaux classified châteaux labels, Burgundy vineyards, California varietals, and Italian D.O.C. names *(denominazione di origine controllata)*, the Italian equivalent of the French *appellation contrôlée*, and to making a stab at those Rhine and Mosel polysyllables. The new global influx of labels may leave him as limp as a man playing Scrabble in a strange alphabet.

Label-reading per se is not particularly difficult. Like American wines, the newcomers are offered in three categories: varietals, generics, and proprietary names.

VARIETALS, as the word suggests, are named for the dominant grape varieties from which they are made. Vineyard or wine district names also may be attached. Many of these newcomer varietals—maybe the majority—are familiar to California devotees: Cabernet Sauvignon, Chardonnay, Riesling, and so on. Some vary only slightly: Australians, for example, call their Syrah-type wines Hermitage (after a Rhone wine made from Syrah) or Shiraz. Others are unique to their respective countries and must be added to a serious student's vocabulary—South Africa's Roodeberg, for example, or Hungary's Kadarka. (Hungarians, in fact, insist on applying their own tongue-twisting names even to familiar varieties, like Szürkebarát for the lowly Pinot Gris.)

Since the U.S. Treasury Department cracked down on imports last year, consumers can be relatively certain that a foreign varietal label at least meets minimum American standards—that is, that it "derives its predominant taste, aroma, and characteristics, and at least 51 percent of its volume, from the variety of grape indicated on the labels." The Treasury Department grew suspicious after the California-based Wine Institute and others had observed that shippers were offering Spanish varietal labels including "Zinfandel" when no such vine could be found from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar.

GENERICS purport to approach some classic model—Burgundy, Claret, Rhine, Hock, Chianti, and so forth. Copying these names is forbidden within the Common Market, but elsewhere producers are not so constrained, and they frequently let their imaginations roam. (Witness the metamorphosis of California's once-popular label "Dry Sauterne" into "Chablis.")

Federal regulations require that all generic labels, American and imported, include geographic origin.

The PROPRIETARIES are copyrighted brand names, used alone or in conjunction with traditional names (Blue Nun, Trumpeter, Rubion, Prince Noir, and so forth). The media like them because

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Managing editor of Atlanta Magazine, *Bruce Galphin writes a weekly newspaper column about wines.*

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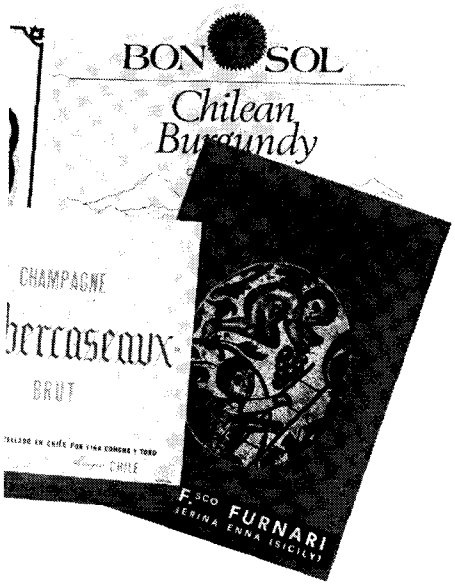
they are heavily advertised. Consumers like them because the name is familiar and the quality is predictable. (So, all right, they pay something for the advertising.) Proprietors *love* them because a repeat customer ultimately has only one source.

Mastering labels is the least of a wine pilgrim's problems, though. More importantly, what do these exotic wines taste like? Can they match the quality of more familiar labels? Finally, are their prices competitive? That's what this oenological odyssey is all about. It may be interesting to sample wines from Australia to Romania to Argentina out of curiosity. But curiosity alone never has sustained a wine trade—nor should it ever. The wine consumer may be beguiled by advertising or by snobbery, but over the long haul, he's got to be convinced he's getting his money's worth.



Internationally, Americans are reputed to be unsophisticated about wines because of the nation's low per capita consumption. But once an American has developed an interest in wine, he often is the most open-minded, venturesome breed of oenophile in the world. He *will* try new labels and new regions, and he will compare both price and quality against what he knows.

As a consequence, a lot of today's trial-ballooning labels will sink back over the horizon into deserved obscurity. Even some excellent wines will fade from the market because their prices are not competitive.

"Competitive," of course, involves quality as well as dollars and cents. Forget about winedom's superstars. There are no Latours, Richebourgs, or Bernkasteler Doktor Dr. Thanisch Eisweins out in the wine world's boondocks. At least I have not discovered them in years of diligent note-taking. If you want that quality, you must pay the price, whatever.

The battlefield lies in two sectors: every-night table wine and the middle quality of distinctive varietals or well-made European regionals. In today's market that's another way of saying these far-flung labels must be measured against California's. (True, French prices are tumbling now, and eventually that could sink the exotic-wine market. But French prices had a long way to fall after the stratosphere of recent years, and it will take months and even years for the decline to be felt on American retail shelves.)

Several major wine importers doubtless would have been happy to take on California lines instead of going so far afield for alternatives. But California's big wineries and many of its small ones already have nationwide distribution. Shut out of California, then, importers are scouring the world.

(Seagram's/Browne Vintners is unusual. It is pursuing wines from every part of the world, in many price ranges, in depth. In its various corporate identities, it owns B&G in France, Paul Masson in California, and Bersano in Italy, and it is a joint-venture partner in Italy's Brolio/Ricasoli. The sun didn't shine on its two-year-old bargain line, Bon Sol; so that has been absorbed into another international line, Peel Street Wine Merchants. It has just organized a Château and Estate Wines Division to handle several famous labels. It signed an exclusive agreement with the former Chilean government to distribute that country's wines in the United States but settled for just four Chilean labels.)

In the long run, I suspect that one or two excellent labels will not be enough to sustain significant import business with a given country. Both variety and volume are necessary. In that light, and without predictions, here are some thumbnail analyses:

ARGENTINA. The world's third-largest producer, Argentina until recently has consumed most of its own production. As a rule, the whites aren't much, but the reds often are huge—too tannic, too long in wood for most Americans. Trumpeter, owned by the Scotch whisky company that recently bought California's Simi, offers a Cabernet Sauvignon and Cabernet-Malbec, which are big and intense but mellower; in American test markets these Trumpeters have been hitting the right note.

AUSTRALIA. This vast continent has a great variety of soils and climates and can thus grow any *vitis vinifera.* I'd give an edge to its reds over its whites and, among its reds, to the Shiraz/Hermitage over its more expensive Cabernet Sauvignon. A Cabernet-Shiraz blend is interesting and priced between.

AUSTRIA AND SWITZERLAND. Rhine and Mosel they aren't. But the prices are right on Riesling and other whites, especially the Austrian. Forget the reds.

CHILE. This long, skinny, mountainous country produces some brilliant whites and respectable reds. The Cabernets and Pinot Noirs taste more like themselves after an hour or more of breathing.

GREECE AND ISRAEL. Like awkward children, the wines of these countries need loving family to appreciate them.

HUNGARY. Its Tokays are its most famous labels: brassy-tasting dessert wines in various degrees of Puttonys—the higher, the sweeter. Egri Bikaver (Bull's Blood of Eger) is its most famous red, brawny and inelegant. Several nice whites from the Lake Balaton area include the smoky-flavored Pinot Gris, Badacsony Szürkebarát.

ITALY. Since gradual implementation of the D.O.C. controls, Italy's wines belong with French and German in the category of reliable, known labels. Its big Barolos, Barbarescos, and Chianti Classicos (especially the older Riserva labels) and its Beaujolais-light Valpolicellas, Bardolinos, and Dolcettos are outstanding.

SPAIN. Some excellent and inexpensive reds are made in the Rioja, La Mancha, and Catalonia. Because once-favorite customer Great Britain has joined the Common Market and cut Spanish imports, prices ought to be particularly favorable. The best tend to be on proprietary labels rather than varietal; even these vary in quality from bottle to bottle.

SOUTH AFRICA. Like Australia, Chile, and California, South Africa offers a wide range of grapes. Its distinctive *gout de terroir* (and probably its vinification techniques) will give it hard rolling down the American palate.

YUGOSLAVIA. Generally pale or rough-edged copies of classic models but cheap and capable of improvement with better technology. □

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(Continued from page 53.)

chili peppers, Szechwan red peppers, star anise, scallions, and, in general, any fiery, hot ingredient capable of destroying every membrane in the mouth. All of which is indeed sad, considering the fact that no respectable Szechwan chef in western China would insult guests by including at a banquet *any* dish that might reduce the gastronomic occasion to nothing less than a barbaric peppery event. As any number of concerned Chinese have pointed out to me, Szechwan cuisine, when prepared properly, can be a rare culinary experience and should never be so brutalized as it is in many pseudo-restaurants. Traditionally, the dishes are not served demonically hot in China. If guests prefer from time to time to spice up their diced chicken with peanuts or their minced pork with bean cake, they simply dip the food in one of two or three sauces provided on the side.

As for Hunan and Yunnan, both minor cuisines stemming from Szechwan and representing the poorest area of China, suffice it to say I find it curious that I never see any Chinese patronizing the restaurants offering this sinus-draining fare. Again, adventuresome eating is one thing; gustatory prostitution is another. I have indeed enjoyed a few Hunan specialties (for example, corned pork and succulent oxtails with a hint of anise), but, for the most part, I must confess that, even with my asbestos palate, I am physically incapable of scorching my mouth, digestive track, and stomach dish after dish, hour after hour. I'm told that the peasants in the province of Hunan use all the hot seasonings to camouflage low-quality food, and that they smother the heat with bowlfuls of rice and tea.

I have no reason to doubt that the great Oriental invasion will continue and eventually spread to even our most unsophisticated towns. Soon we'll probably have our first Mongolian restaurant. Competition among Japanese, Thai, and Korean establishments will most likely produce a plethora of fascinating edibles hitherto unknown to the Western world. And for those who are craving to test out still another provincial Chinese style of cooking, wait till I tell you about Kweichowese—and Kwangtungese! If you're really interested, you can usually find me down at Mon Sing in New York's Chinatown, ecstasizing over a good old-fashioned pot of Kitchen Sink Soup. □

Why we selected the Napa Valley years ago as our home for The Christian Brothers table wines.

For more than a century, the Napa Valley north of San Francisco, has been acclaimed California's finest premium wine-growing area.

It was here on the hillsides of this verdant valley that we chose to build The Christian Brothers winery and aging cellars many years ago. And to plant our vines.

Through the years, we have found scientifically why the early vintners instinctively brought the first rare European varietal grape cuttings here. The unique varied climate and soils of the Napa Valley provide the distinctly different needs of each grape variety.

For instance, one area has more cool growing days and is a perfect home for our Pinot Noir, the noble grape of Burgundy. Another has more warm days and gives the proper sunshine to the Cabernet Sauvignon. The same is true for the Chenin Blancs and the Johannisberg Rieslings and all of the other shy-bearing varietals we use in our table wines.

Of course, grapes are just part of our story. The Napa Valley has given us the quiet place we need to bring the wines to life . . . slowly, patiently in our own way. A tradition of quality we will never change.

Long ago the Indians named our valley "Napa," which means plenty. We think of it now as meaning plenty of good grapes, and plenty of time to make our wines. You are always a welcome guest at the Christian Brothers' winery here.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

CELLARMASTER, THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc. San Francisco, California

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Learning to Live in a Pluralist Society

Americans have always boasted about the diversity of their society and the strength that the nation has drawn from the many racial, religious, and cultural groups it includes. But except for annual ethnic parades in urban centers, the occasional enjoyment of exotic costumes and dances, and political rhetoric on patriotic holidays, the reality has been quite different. The primary thrust of our society has been to assimilate the strangers who came to American shores, to erase differences rather than to honor them. The ideal was the "melting pot," in which cultural differences were lost and the schools were seen as the primary instrument for achieving the goal.

Today much has changed. After the thrust of the black civil-rights movement began to shift from integration to an emphasis on black identity in the late Sixties, a new ethnic consciousness and pride emerged within many groups—not just among the Spanish-speaking and Asian-Americans but among white ethnic groups as well. Increasingly, individuals are seeking their own ethnic or group identity and, in the process, are demanding that cultural differences be accepted and respected—that the rhetoric of our pluralist society be translated into reality. The evidence of the changes that are taking place comes from many directions.

This fall a bilingual children's television program for four-to-eight-year-olds was launched on Public Broadcasting Service stations across the country. Called Villa Alegre (Happy Village), it is the product of Bilingual Children's Television, Inc., a non-profit company based in Oakland, Calif. Conceived by BC/TV's executive director, Rene Cardenas, former businessman and scholar, and passionate believer in the perfectibility of American society, the program takes a lighthearted approach to cultural pluralism. Its intent, nevertheless, is serious: to give Latin American children a chance to see their language and culture treated with understanding and appreciation and to give other children an introduction to the language, the values, and the ways of their Spanish-speaking neighbors to the south.

The program uses a magazine format consisting of short sketches, songs, dances, stories, and games. Villa Alegre explores five major themes and has devoted to each theme 13 of the 65 shows produced to date. The shows built around the theme "human relations," for instance, are designed to help the child understand himself as a member of his family and community. "Food and nutrition" provides understanding of the way food sustains life and promotes growth. "Natural environment" dramatizes the balance of nature and the need to conserve resources and preserve the environment. "Energy" explores the sources of energy, its varied forms, and its many uses. "Man-made objects" examines the way things are made and the varied activities that are involved.

Slipping easily from English to Spanish and back again, the program offers an attractive blend of entertainment and informal education. The multiracial cast of children and adults as well as the animated sequences give clear evidence of the advantage of speaking more than one language and of being familiar with more than one culture. The program does not, however, attempt formal language teaching—there are no word drills or formal translations. Rather, key words and phrases related to the theme of the show are repeated in both English and Spanish in the course of the various songs and sketches.

Villa Alegre is a bright and colorful experiment in teaching for cultural pluralism—and a welcome addition to television programming for children.

AN UNUSUAL EXHIBITION of children's artwork focusing on the theme "Who Am I?" was presented during September and October by the Newark (N.J.) Museum, with the cooperation of the Essex County Department of Education. The exhibition was the culmination of a project begun last January to encourage children to express in creative art form their feelings of personal identity and ethnic heritage. Remarkable in variety and quality of expression, the exhibition included the work of some 386 children in the first through sixth grades, from 36 schools in the racially and ethnically mixed area in and around Newark. The project sought not only to evoke through an art form children's feelings about themselves, their homes, school, ethnic background, and life around them but also to sensitize teachers to the significance of ethnic factors in education and the emotional aspects of ethnic identity. Other areas of the country might well replicate the project in connection with the national Bicentennial. One of the four major areas of concern of the Bicentennial Commission is that of ethnic heritage.

THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE (165 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York, New York 10022) last month published a new study, *The Schools and Group Identity: Education for a New Pluralism*, which probes the role of the school in responding to the new thrust for recognition and acceptance by minority groups. The study should prove useful for schoolmen and school boards interested in developing programs in the field—and it appears that there is substantial interest in many parts of the country. Implementation of the Ethnic Heritage Act in 1974 attracted nearly 9,000 preliminary inquiries and 1,500 completed applications within a few weeks.

The study describes the varied approaches to curriculum development, cites the many resources already available in the field, and discusses state legislatures "as potential sources of additional leadership and money in this area"—an important consideration in view of the modest initial funding of the federal act.

In an introductory chapter, Judith Herman, of the Institute on Pluralism and Group Identity, provides broad perspective concerning ethnic studies in the schools. "Many of us," she writes, ". . . fear that a focus on differences will backfire, will produce fragmentation rather than better intergroup feeling." But she adds that on the basis of studies in the field, "we see that it is the avoidance of differences, pretending they do not exist, that generates confusion and conflict. If we can help children learn that 'different' does not need to imply 'better' or 'worse'—then the schools will be helping to create a new and vital American pluralism."

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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Nineteenth-century rollout primer—For fun, not "full potential."

Can Toys Really Teach?

Despite breathless ads that claim "educational" toys will make Junior's I.Q. soar, no one has yet proved these playthings have the slightest effect on brainpower.

by H. Robert Quilitch

Most modern parents are aware of the importance of the early years in child development and are concerned about providing a proper learning environment for their children in the home. Although their concern is valid, much of it is artfully instilled and exploited by the emotion-laden promotion of manufacturers of so-called educational toys.

There is, in fact, virtually no available research on the effect of educational toys—no believable evidence that educational toys even exist. In 1973 the American Academy of Pediatrics made this point in a statement which asserted that common household objects might be as adequate for use as developmental toys as the special products so advertised. The statement warned parents and pediatricians alike to be skeptical of firms that claim their products will provide a specific educational or developmental advantage.

Parents would be well advised, therefore, to ignore unsupported advertising claims and to base their toy buying on one simple criterion: whether the toy, assuming it is safe to use, is one their children will enjoy.

H. Robert Quilitch is director, Department of Psychology, Nevada Mental Health Institute, Reno.

The production and promotion of educational toys and games is not a recent development (see box), but a new element has been added. It appears that parents of an earlier day who were interested in stimulating their children's minds used toys to entertain their children and to make learning as much fun as possible. Although we have no information on how effective these educational aids were, in almost every case we have a clear description of just what each toy was intended to teach. But many modern educational toys would not be nearly so easy to evaluate, because their educational goals are generally vague.

The educational toys sold more recently, those of special concern to parents and educators, are often described as "developmental," which suggests that they will increase children's intelligence by providing them with an "enriched environment." Though an enriched environment is no doubt a source of extra stimulation and offers added opportunities for learning, the appeals made to parents by toy manufacturers clearly portray that environment as one filled with educational toys. One manufacturer, for instance, asserts: "No other center is as conducive to learning as a child's home. Whether the child develops a love for learning, whether he gives a qualitative meaning to his newly acquired vocabulary—all these depend upon the kind of play and learning materials which you bring into the home."

These toys are advertised to parents as effective in a wide variety of ways: teaching visual discrimination, helping a child achieve his full potential, teaching such concepts as cause and effect, providing appropriate experiences, and guiding him, through play, toward discovery of himself and the world around him. The only consistent characteristic of most of these modern educational toys is that their goals are stated so vaguely as to defy description and evaluation. How do we know, for example, when a child has reached his "full potential"?

Toy manufacturers have a sizable financial interest in the marketing of their educational and pre-school toys, according to the June 5, 1970, issue of the trade magazine *Toys*. "From 1965 up to the present, pre-school toys have been *the* glamour category of the toy industry. Accounting for approximately 4 percent of the industry in 1965, this category has grown to a point where, for some retail outlets, it accounts for as much as 15 percent."

If there is virtually no evidence that these toys have educational value, why does this class of toys continue to grow in size and sales? An article in the February 1972 issue of *Fortune* provides some insight into the methods used to create a market for pre-school educational toys:

> Advertising to mothers will continue to increase for still another reason. During the Seventies, the number of women of childbearing age will increase sharply, swelling the population of pre-school children. . . . Many toy companies that have ignored the pre-school market are now scrambling into it, and that is a market where it is often more important to win the mother's favor than the child's. . . . It appears that some toy companies intend to capitalize on mothers' naiveté. Parents have in the last few years exhibited a preference for toys that appear to be "educational." Increasingly, toys are showing up on the market that have been "scientifically developed" by prominent educators who have lent, or rather sold, their names for use in the products' advertising. Toys that purport to teach such things as object permanence (the ability to remember the existence of something even if it is out of sight) are being marketed for children under a year old.

Research scientists generally attempt to publish accounts of their research in professional journals in order to keep each other aware of their work. Professionals who endorse educational toys, however, seldom mention what research

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they have carried out with the toys being promoted and *never* include the results of that research in the advertisements.

Furthermore, the important *popular* literature dealing with educational toys is being produced, not by developmental specialists or educators, but by the toy manufacturers. Laden with quasi-scientific pronouncements and endorsed by prominent educators, such promotion has an emotional appeal that is doubly effective for young parents—and devoted grandparents. One manufacturer's prose is typical:

> No one will deny that the home is the child's first classroom and his parents his first teachers. . . . It is claimed by psychologists (see *Stability and Change in Human Characteristics* by Benjamin S. Bloom, John Wiley and Sons, 1964) that a planned environment can affect intelligence in the first four years of life by about 2.5 I.Q. points every year. . . . This would make it appear that the earliest years are the most powerful learning years and that they can never be retrieved, no matter what is done in later periods. This is why Creative Playthings caters especially to the early years. . . . Parents must examine carefully everything they introduce into the child's environment. They must know the moment of readiness. You can help your child achieve his full potential.

Similarly, an educational consultant writes in the Childcraft promotional pamphlet *Toys That Teach:*

> Childhood is a never-again moment. Once it is lived, it is gone. And if it is not lived in its fullest measure, it may seriously limit the extent to which the child can develop as an intelligent and self-fulfilled adult. . . . Nowadays, it is well known that the richness of a child's environment has a profound effect on his later life. Recent research has shown that as much as 80 percent of a child's intelligence is developed before the age of six—thus making the early years the most critical period of his life.

The reference to "80 percent of a child's intelligence" is almost certainly an indirect reference—made by many other toy companies as well—to the research reported in Dr. Bloom's book. Only a portion of this book deals with the question of intelligence. Dr. Bloom summarized the work of several authors who had demonstrated that children raised in *extremely and profoundly* deprived environments might have their I.Q.s affected by as much as 20 points. No reference was made to children who are raised in middle-class or even ghetto homes. The deprivation cited by Dr. Bloom was much greater than would ordinarily be suffered even by poor, ghetto children; it refers to environments that might be found in custodial institutions and places where children are seldom or never talked to, where they have no access to books, radios, newspapers, or television. In discussing important elements of the deprived environment and the ideal environment, Dr. Bloom never mentions the importance of educational toys. In fact, he does not seem to be impressed by educational toys in any way. In reply to my inquiry, he wrote, "While I think games and child play can be of great value in early learning, I am not convinced that commercial toys are necessary or even useful for such learning."

The catchphrase "a never-again moment" is an oblique reference to the notion of the "critical period," a time in the child's mental development during which, it is claimed, he must receive adequate stimulation or perhaps suffer some degree of retardation for the rest of his life. Plausible as the idea sounds, it is one that advertising copywriters find more useful than do scientists.

Many mothers, apparently frantic to buy the "right" toys and provide the "proper" environmental stimulation for their youngsters, have besieged Dr. Peter H. Wolff and Dr. Richard I. Feinbloom of the Harvard Medical School. So urgent were their requests that the two

Morality Games to Chemistry Sets

R. M. R. Young, in his book *Teaching Toys in the Norwich Museums,* describes these British museums' large collection of "teaching toys," dating back to the seventeenth century. Two of the earliest examples are jigsaw-puzzle maps of Africa and America, published in London in 1772 and probably used for teaching geography. From the 1800s came such puzzles as "The Progress of Coffee Neatly Dissected," "The History of the Sabbath," and "The Life of Moses." Sets of printed cards, forerunners of our modern flash cards, were used to teach such subjects as "The Pence Table," "Heathen Mythology," "Great Men and Their Works," and "The Sovereigns of England." These early educational toys, like their contemporary counterparts, were touted to parents as aids to help raise brighter children:

> This being a Scientific Game, in which the Amusement and Instruction of the Parties are equally considered, we hope the Young Player will not think much of exercising his Memory to Acquire a perfect knowledge of it. Most games are calculated only to promote little Arts and Cunning, but this, while it will amuse, will not a little contribute to make the Players acquainted with the Genealogy of their own Kings.

The Japanese displayed elaborate sets of dolls during Boys' and Girls' Festivals in order to explain the social hierarchy and history of their land. In this country the Hopi Indians distributed *kachina* dolls during ritual celebrations to teach children aspects of their religion. Such games as "Growth of a Century," published in 1889, were designed to teach the names of our Presidents, while the "Game of the American Story and Glory" was used to teach American history. Abbé Gaultier, a Frenchman who lived in London, on the other hand, apparently used "The New Game of Virtue Rewarded and Vice Punished for the Amusement of Both Sexes," which he published in 1810, to teach morals, or simple concepts of approved social conduct.

It appears that toys and games of this kind were designed to be used by an older child or an adult in the instruction of a younger child.

This intention was and is certainly the case with complicated toys requiring an initial period of instruction. These items might be appropriately labeled educational *aids* and not educational *toys,* because the actual teaching was carried out by an adult. They are used to good advantage in teaching children such skills as counting and recognizing colors and shapes.

In the early Twenties, A. C. Gilbert began to sell chemistry sets, sound-experiment sets, hydraulic-engineering sets, civil-engineering sets, and small weather stations. These kits were apparently sold with the expectation that youngsters, being provided with a miniature version of equipment normally available only to adults, might play, construct, and learn all at the same time. If this is true, it is probably one of the most clear-cut examples of a type of educational toy that we shall find. This is, of course, not the type of educational toy that has recently been heavily promoted to parents of young children. H.R.Q.

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pediatricians wrote an article on the subject in the December 1969 issue of the professional journal *Pediatrics*. They commented on the emphasis that was being placed on early environmental stimulation by educators and toy manufacturers and on the role this stimulation was supposed to play in helping ensure proper mental development of children. This sort of advertising, they found, seemed to create worried parents. They reviewed the scientific literature around the "critical period" of learning and concluded:

> There is no evidence at present to support the assertion that biologically fixed critical periods control the sequence of cognitive development, no evidence that scientifically developed toys are in any way superior to the usual household items available to most infants, no evidence that the systematic application of such toys accelerates intellectual development, and no persuasive evidence that acceleration of specific skills during the sensory motor phase of development, even if possible, has any lasting effect on intellectual competence. Until more persuasive evidence is presented, it seems unethical for toy companies to invoke the concept of critical periods to sell their products, for academic consultants in the behavioral sciences to lend their authority to the promotion of such toys, and for private industry and the federal government to join forces in creating an infant development market which will assure industry a large profit.

Clearly, then, the toy-buying public needs solid, objective information about the effects of educational toys—information based on scientific assessments of their educational value. Such a program can be initiated only by first specifying just what it is that a toy is supposed to teach. It is important to remember that if a toy's educational goals are not clearly spelled out, it can *never* be tested. A research scientist, asked whether a particular toy would enable a child to "master himself and his problems," would throw up his hands in despair.

The educational qualities of a toy can be tested rather simply in many cases. The skills that the toy is intended to teach must be clearly specified, and a reliable measure of this skill then needs to be devised.

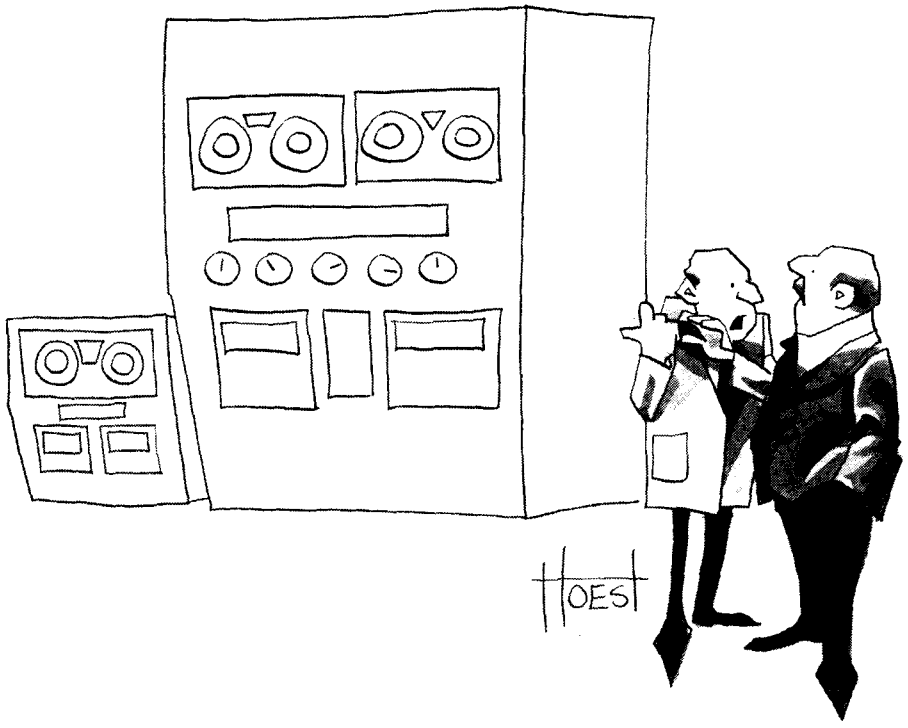
The makers of the Mattel-A-Time Talking Clock, for example, advertised for children from four to eight, claim that it "responds to your child's desire to learn to tell time—all by himself." Dr. Todd R. Risley is with the Department of Human Development at the University of Kansas. He and I were curious about the effectiveness of this $16 educational toy; so we carried out a series of tests on it. Ten first-grade children who could not tell time at all were tested, given free clocks, and again tested about two months later. We found that the children had not learned to tell time significantly better or faster than a matched group that had not been given clocks. When the toy was tested with third-grade children, who knew just a little about telling time, we found that those who had been given the clocks learned to tell time slightly better than the control group, which did not have the toy. Anecdotal reports, on the other hand, suggest that these children learned to tell time very quickly when their parents used an ordinary clock to teach them, but this evidence is directly contrary to the promotional claims. I don't mean to single out the Mattel-A-Time Talking Clock as a bad toy but simply to illustrate the point that it *is* possible to evaluate the effectiveness of such toys.

Nothing I have said in this article should be taken as a claim that educational toys, however defined, do not exist. It should be obvious by now that there is really no evidence to make a convincing case either way. Rather, it seems reasonable to assume that in certain cases children do learn from their play with toys.

What they learn can be specified only through painstaking observation of children and their play with toys. Endorsements, no matter how many, will never obviate the need for firsthand observations gathered in play situations with children using the toys being tested.

Toy manufacturers would probably be well advised to concentrate on developing safe and durable toys that children enjoy using for play. This is no small goal itself. But if a manufacturer feels compelled to boast of the "educational" value of his toys, then parents have every right to expect that he has tested his toy with children and has published reliable data to back up his claims. □

A more detailed and fully referenced version of this article is available from the author, Box 2460, Reno, Nev. 89505.



"I found the trouble, sir. The big computer is making the little computer do all the work."

WIT TWISTER NO. 34

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 66.

His skill with chemical __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ grows.
At school, the former __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ seems content.
Alone among this year's __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __, he knows
How wars __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ one from one's best intent.

A. S.

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An Academic Counter-Revolution

by Fred M. Hechinger

Ten years ago last month, Berkeley—the nation's most prestigious public university—was shaken by a historic student uprising. By early 1965, with emotions spent and the majority of students ready to return to work, Charles Muscatine, a then little-known professor of English, achieved overnight fame by publishing a 200-page laundry list of proposed academic reforms. "Education at Berkeley" was hailed by academic reformers everywhere with the prediction: As Berkeley goes, so goes the nation.

The prediction turned out to be quite accurate, but not in the way it had been intended. The chief target of student complaints, at Berkeley and subsequently everywhere else, was the required courses. Second in line was the grievance that undergraduates had fallen victim to chronic neglect by teachers primarily interested in their own scholarship.

By a masterful sleight of hand, the Berkeley faculty (to be followed by colleagues on many other embattled campuses) agreed to give the students what they wanted—abolition of all requirements. Cheered as a triumph of freedom, the move had the instant effect of permitting professors to return to their research and students to select their "education" from that telephone-directory listing known as the college catalogue.

To be sure, some flurries of real reform took place. At Berkeley itself an experimental college within the university was created by Joseph Tussman, a concerned professor of philosophy. Tussman invited a limited number of freshmen to commit themselves to a two-year program built entirely around the exploration, in depth, of important ideas of government, law, justice, peace, and freedom, from classical Greek times to modern America. That total immersion was directed by a small group of faculty members who were required, for the duration, to cut their umbilical cord with their academic departments and devote themselves entirely to this total experiment in liberal education.

The Tussman experiment was both a brilliant success and an abject failure. Most of the students were enchanted with the project (some dilettantes who had mistaken it for an easy road to painless credits were eliminated); but the academic Establishment frowned visibly enough to make it increasingly difficult to find teachers willing to drop out, even temporarily, from the department-dominated spoils system, which offers traditional rewards for traditional service. After three years Experiment at Berkeley went out of business, leaving behind only Tussman's literate book of the same title (Oxford University Press, 1969), which presents his judgment that "the college is everywhere in retreat, fighting a dispirited rear-guard action against the triumphant university."

Tussman was skeptical of the general reform trend. "What the students are now asking for [in relevant courses] is largely bunk; they'll win and get it," he said glumly in 1969.

By that time, his colleague Muscatine had also become increasingly disillusioned with the general trend of the reform movement, but he thought Tussman was barking up the wrong tree. Experiment at Berkeley, he said, was an exercise in nostalgia. Muscatine himself still retained faith in the students' pressure to change and to update undergraduate education. But by 1972 he, too, was ready to admit that the students needed help. "Faculties are ready to sit on their private concerns again," he said. It had become clear that many of his original recommendations had already fallen victim to student apathy and faculty passive resistance—and once again, as Berkeley had gone, so had the nation.

By now, Muscatine has learned from both his own original overconfidence in the university's ability to reform itself and from Tussman's gallant failure. He is convinced that letting matters rest would be the prelude to another disaster, perhaps comparable to the original Berkeley insurrection, but more probably in the category of creeping decline.

Evidence of that decline is already piling up. Foreign-language study, nationwide, has taken the steepest nose dive in modern academic history, with enrollment plummeting as much as 10 percent in the latest two-year period. In the last four years, undergraduate enrollment in history courses, long con-

(From left) Professors Stuart Dreyfus, Peter Dale Scott, Charles Muscatine, and Charles Sellers on steps of Berkeley's Strawberry Creek College barracks.
Public Information Office, University of California

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sidered the bellwether of intellectual concern for the roots and purposes of society, has dropped by more than 12 percent, at a time when overall enrollment in higher education is still growing.

Under the pressure of an economic recession, with a serious new job squeeze, professional specialization is rampant on the campuses, marked by a mad scramble into the law and medical schools and, since Watergate, even into journalism programs. Thus, ironically, precisely a decade after the students' initial revolt against a system they considered riddled with materialism and devoid of a sense of humane values, higher education is moving full speed ahead on a course dominated by materialistic concerns and cut off from those liberal studies that, in the past, had been associated with the preservation of humanistic traditions and humane goals.

To counter this trend, Professor Muscatine has taken another stab at bringing some sense of direction into the present disarray of undergraduate education. Together with a colleague, historian Charles Sellers, and with the help of a special development fund from the central administration, he has inaugurated Strawberry Creek College, which was named for a little stream that winds through the Berkeley campus, and which offers a two-year program officially known as the New Collegiate Seminar Program.

Unobtrusively housed in a primitive, two-story wooden barracks of World War II vintage, the program is billed as an attempt to "open a new path to undergraduates aiming for high-quality liberal education with a contemporary flavor."

"Despite recent innovations in advising," Muscatine says, "most students are left free to roam through the great smorgasbord of thousands of courses with only peer-group gossip and a necessarily superficial orientation and advising system to guide them." Perhaps partly because of his own feelings of guilt for having been among the leaders in the earlier freedom movement, he insists that "now that the ground has been cleared, we need to find other methods of coherence and direction, methods appropriate to the needs of students in our time."

The new program, which is getting under way this term with an ample supply of voluntary candidates, seeks to accomplish this objective in a relatively simple way. Seventy-two freshmen and sophomores, who have committed themselves to the experiment, are taking part in 6 seminars of some 12 students each as their basic academic activity. Each seminar will run for one or more quarters and will be led by a full professor assisted by an advanced graduate student from a different field in order to stress the relevance of more than one discipline to the particular topic.

For example, Muscatine, together with a teaching fellow in anthropology, leads a historical seminar dealing with the formation of sex roles in Western culture. Sellers, aided by a sociology student, inquires into the formation of the American socioeconomic character. Peter Dale Scott, an English professor, together with an economist, examines how government documents are used to analyze social issues facing American society. A team of two faculty brothers, Hubert and Stuart Dreyfus, respectively professors of philosophy and industrial engineering, assisted by teaching fellows in urban planning and public policy, are cooperating in a seminar that ranges from Plato to the philosophy of robots and computers in a study of the potential and limits of scientific decision-making.

Other seminars will deal with the history of science, the relation of theater and the arts to society, the design of higher education, and the social receptiveness to new knowledge.

The results of each seminar will be presented, in the form of a report or a scholarly article, for critical review by all members of the new college. Although students will spend most of their time in the in-depth pursuit of the single seminar per quarter (eventually, some students may be permitted to enroll simultaneously in two topics), they will be allowed to take some regular departmental courses in order to keep up with the requirements for the major they may wish to pursue during their junior and senior years. But the priority is clearly on making the seminar the focus of the student's intellectual life, without the fragmentation that has shattered undergraduate education.

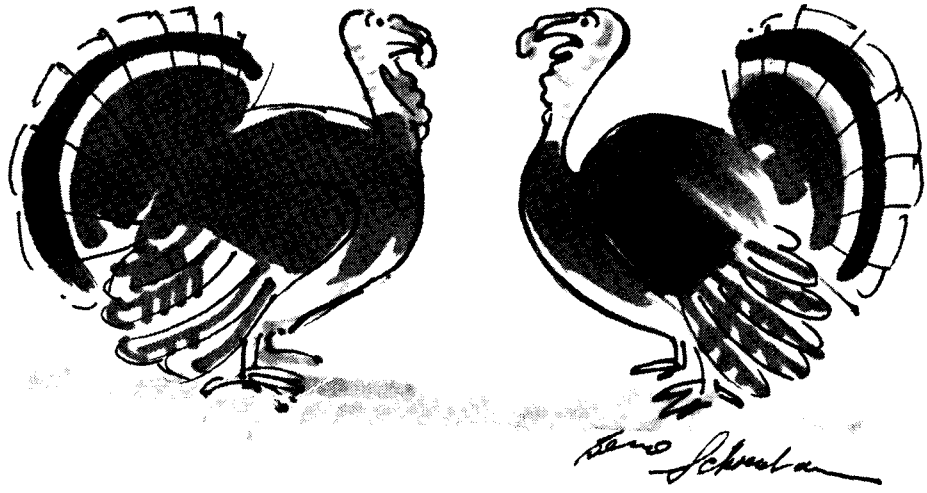
Throughout the two years, students and teachers will evaluate each other. "We have to give grades because the system demands that we do so," said Muscatine. "But we're not going to think grades. We're going to think research."

It may well be the program's most radical novelty that the students join actively in their professors' ongoing research—a privilege usually reserved for graduate students, and then often only in the sciences. "If a professor is in the process of writing a novel, he is expected to share his work as much with his students as if he were working on a scientific experiment," Muscatine says.

Perhaps as significant to any prognostication of America's academic future as the new program itself is the opposition it appears destined to confront. The Establishment's daggers have been poised from the start, determined to prevent this counter-revolutionary reform from becoming a threat to the academic conventions. Though Strawberry Creek poses no real threat in its present minuscule form, it could undermine the dominant role of the departments, should Muscatine's vision gain massive support.

Muscatine is aware of the stakes. "If the program succeeds," he says, "it would point out for the whole campus a mode

(Continued on page 68.)



"Speak slowly. You know I don't understand gobbledygook."

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Dam!

In my September 21 column, I said, "There are millions who don't give a tinker's damn about English grammar," and I reaped a harvest of indignant letters defending the reputation of tinkers. I'll quote the one from Mr. Wilbur W. Young, of Toms River, N.J.:

"For your edification . . . the old-time tinker was sort of a Jack-of-all-Trades (not necessarily given to the use of expletives), among which was that of soldering eave troughs, etc., etc. To confine the molten solder within the vital area, he made a wad of moist clay to form a DAM. When finished with the job the dam was tossed away as a worthless bit of something or other.

"Hence the expression: 'Not worth a tinker's DAM.' And I'm damned if I ever want to see the poor old tinker so demeaned again."

I heard that story long ago, and for years I said "tinker's dam" instead of "tinker's damn." It wasn't until the first time I had to *write* the phrase that I gave it a little more thought. "Not worth a tinker's damn (or dam)" is obviously another way of saying "Not worth a damn." It occurred to me that the whole *dam* business might be a fairy tale.

I turned to Alfred H. Holt's *Phrase and Word Origins* (Dover Publications). Holt says, "In *The Literary Digest* of November 9, 1935, it was categorically stated that this expression refers to the small dam of dough or putty erected by a plumber to keep molten solder from spreading. This, says the O.E.D., is 'an ingenious but baseless conjecture'. . . . It is probably exactly what it purports to be, an idle curse made ineffective by much repetition."

The *Oxford English Dictionary*, in fact, says, "*Not to care*, or *be worth, a tinker's curse or damn*, an intensification of the earlier 'not to care, or be worth, a curse or damn' . . . with reference to the reputed addiction of tinkers to profane swearing." The O.E.D. then quotes John MacTaggart's *Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia* (1824): "A tinkler's [*sic*] curse she did na care What she did think or say."

In 1874, Edward H. Knight, in *The Practical Dictionary of Mechanics*, wrote, "*Tinker's-dam*, a wall of dough raised around a place which a plumber desires to flood with a coat of solder. The material can be but once used; being consequently thrown away as worthless, it has passed into a proverb, usually involving the wrong spelling of the otherwise innocent word 'dam.' "

I can produce what I think is the ultimate authority on this question. It happens that I have in my library a small and evidently very rare morocco-bound autobiography published privately in 1880. It's the life story of Basil Weaselword, one of the few semi-prominent Victorians ever to have read E. H. Knight's *Practical Dictionary of Mechanics*.

I quote from Weaselword's *Diary of a Semi-Prominent Victorian:*

It was at a house-party at the estate of Lord Smythe-Fetheringham that I had one of my outstanding successes, if one will forgive a lapse of modesty. Almost everyone was gathered in the drawing-room, and Lady Bertha had just raised the unpleasant subject of the waistcoat Reggie Taylor had worn at Ascot. I said, perhaps a trifle loudly, "Reggie Taylor's Ascot waistcoat indicates Taylor's tailor's not worth a tinker's damn."

There was a sudden fluttering of fans like the rise of a covey of grouse, and cries of "Have a care, Sir!" "Ladies present!" "Shame!" and that sort of thing.

By great good fortune, I had, only two days previously, read *The Practical Dictionary of Mechanics* by Edward H. Knight. I remembered Knight's having said something about a bit of dough used by tinkers or plumbers, persons of that sort, which he said was called a "tinker's dam." So I explained to Her Ladyship and guests that a "tinker's dam" was in no regard profane, nor had I meant it as such. I told them about *The Practical Dictionary of Mechanics* and related quite convincingly the absurd business about the wad of dough used by plumbers. I thus not only escaped censure, but established myself as a rather more fascinating chap for having displayed familiarity with something so arcane as the mysteries of the plumber's trade.

Though Knight invented the "tinker's dam" theory, it was evidently Basil Weaselword who first put it to practical use.

The fact is that today it's acceptable, if you want to say "tinker's dam," to *say* "tinker's dam." On the other hand, if you mean "tinker's damn," say "tinker's damn."

Say what you mean. That's the important thing. □

"What's all the hoopla about?"

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 62): reagents, sergeant, grantees, estrange.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 21* (see page 31): Only the more rugged mortals should attempt to keep up with current literature.

George Ade

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Double-Crostic No. 61

by Thomas H. Middleton

	N	2 D	3 T	4 G		5 O	6 L	7 R		8 F	9 I	10 V	11 Z¹	12 J		13 G	14 D	15 M
6 C	17 Q	18 I		19 Y	20 K	21 F	22 D	23 A		24 P	25 W	26 B	27 M		28 I	29 G	30 W
1 C		32 A	33 Y	34 I	35 O	36 F	37 M		38 U		39 T	40 B	41 C	42 O		43 I	44 T
	45 U	46 R	47 N	48 Q	49 V	50 F	51 I	52 A	53 D	54 S		55 U	56 M		57 O	58 Y	59 G
	60 A	61 M	62 H	63 Q	64 Z¹	65 P	66 E	67 F		68 Y	69 K		70 X	71 D	72 R	73 S	74 Z¹
5 I	76 N	77 X		78 N	79 U	80 E		81 A	82 Z¹	83 Q	84 D		85 L	86 P	87 F	88 M	
9 L	90 X	91 U	92 M		93 R	94 U	95 H		96 U	97 A	98 O	99 E	100 D	101 R	102 N	103 L	104 W
05 X	106 P	107 S	108 F		109 P	110 B	111 D	112 N		113 L	114 V	115 E		116 B	117 Y	118 D	119 K
20 P	121 N		122 Z¹		123 X	124 R	125 V	126 U		127 L	128 Z¹	129 I		130 M	131 E	132 X	133 S
34 K	135 U		136 I	137 Y	138 N	139 B		140 H	141 Z¹	142 O		143 D	144 E	145 W	146 Z¹	147 M	148 Q
	149 O	150 Y	151 E		152 E	153 Y		154 K	155 X	156 B		157 U	158 X	159 Q	160 M	161 O	162 W
163 J		164 N	165 D	166 Y	167 H		168 B	169 Z	170 R	171 D		172 A	173 Y	174 L	175 Q	176 E	
177 S	178 B	179 N		180 X	181 J	182 Z	183 H		184 C	185 S	186 T	187 W	188 M	189 O		190 B	191 Y
	192 L	193 N	194 Z	195 Q		196 Z	197 I		198 U	199 F	200 L	201 Z¹	202 C				

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Daughter of Isaac of York (Scott, *Ivanhoe*)	172 23 32 52 60 81 97
B. Result, consequence	110 156 168 190 26 40 116 139 178
C. "Sad Sack" creator	184 202 16 31 41
D. "___ I saw in tears": T.S. Eliot (3 wds.)	71 84 100 143 171 2 14 53 118 165 22 111
E. Horizontal timber at the top of a roof	115 152 151 66 80 99 131 144 176
F. Film that won Tony Richardson an Oscar for direction, 1963 (2 wds.)	199 21 36 8 50 67 87 108
G. Oafs, louts, galoots	4 13 29 48 59
H. Allotted	62 95 140 167 183
I. Health resort with salt water springs, N.W. Poland	9 28 43 129 18 197 34 51 75 136
J. Sport; trifle	163 181 12
K. Phoney, fake	20 69 119 134 154
L. Arm of the Arctic Ocean between Greenland and the Arctic Archipelago (2 wds.)	192 6 89 113 200 127 85 103 174
M. Nonsense; bunk (4 wds. followed by WORD N; British slang)	147 160 15 92 130 188 27 37 61 56 88
N. See WORD M (2 wds.)	102 112 1 76 179 164 193 121 78 47 138
O. Down	142 149 189 42 57 5 35 98 161
P. Set in motion once more; take up again	86 106 24 65 109 120
Q. Messy; slovenly	159 148 195 17 175 63 83
R. "The world is weary of ___" (2 wds.; Shelley, "Hellas")	101 46 124 72 170 7 93
S. Street peddler	54 73 177 133 185 107
T. Examine closely	39 3 44 186
U. Greek satiric poet, fl. 650 B.C.	38 135 157 94 55 126 91 96 79 198 45
V. Ancient kingdom in what is now Jordan	10 114 125 49
W. Play by Goethe	25 104 30 145 162 187
X. Star of *Robin Hood of the Pecos, Along the Navajo Trail,* etc. (full name)	90 158 180 123 155 105 77 132 70
Y. Succeeding, following (4 wds.)	58 150 68 173 33 19 117 166 137 191 153
Z. Ancient city of Mesopotamia, near Babylon	194 182 196 169
Z¹. Great magician	64 74 201 141 82 11 122 146 128

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 60* appears on page 43.

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(Continued from page 64.)
for further pluralism in styles of learning. It might become a model for other campuses in the same condition as Berkeley."

He knows that the academic departments oppose the experiment for three basic reasons: competition for budgets, once the special grant runs out; fear of giving new power to radicals ("although we're really very respectable ourselves"); and the dread that such ventures will drain off faculty talent from the departments' routine courses and activities.

In the light of such powerful opposition and Professor Tussman's failure to overcome the Establishment, what persuades an experienced academic insider like Professor Muscatine to invest in what must at best be a gamble against heavy odds? In contrast to Tussman's approach with its fixed curriculum, Muscatine says, Strawberry Creek stresses flexibility, with constant emphasis on the relationship between history and contemporary problems. "We start with a *new* problem," he explains, "and then go back to the ancients. We don't take the students' interest in a specific problem as much for granted as Joe [Tussman] did."

Muscatine is ready for a more pragmatic compromise with the Establishment. His faculty associates in the new venture will spend only 60 percent of their teaching time at Strawberry Creek —not 100 percent, as Tussman demanded —leaving 40 percent for service in their own departments. Except for the teaching assistants, all teachers in the experiment will be tenured professors. "Bringing untenured faculty into an exciting new program is a sure way of getting them fired," says Muscatine. Experience has convinced him that the academic Establishment is not about to subsidize radical new—or old—ways.

The Berkeley experiment would be of little significance by itself. It is wor noting only as a symbolic act of counte revolution at the scene of the origin insurrection and under the auspices the man who 10 years ago was in tl forefront of a reform movement that l now admits went wrong, even thou he still considers its initial course to ha been inevitable and probably necessar More importantly, the Berkeley expe ment is representative of a moveme that is embryonic in many places. It i in many ways, a return to an earli faith in the need for a cohesive unde graduate curriculum. It is an improv ment over that cafeteria-style grab-b that only 10 short years ago seemed t spell liberation but has opened the doo only to new uncertainty and confusio for all but the most mature, self-directe students.

AT BROOKLYN COLLEGE of the City Un versity of New York, a New School c Liberal Arts is gathering strength, wit an enrollment of 750 freshmen an sophomores. A group of dedicated fac ulty members, who have voluntarily cu their ties with the academic department (not without risk to their careers), ar building intensive seminars around th social institutions, ideas, and philos ophies from the beginning of civiliza tion to today's technological society—ex ploring the literature, the scientific an mathematical developments, and the art of each epoch, ranging from Homer t George Orwell and from Archimedes t the double helix.

Dissatisfaction with the freedom t flounder becomes evident in the sprout ing of little experiments as well as in the academic small talk. "If somebody wrote the Harvard Red Book today," says Hofstra University President Robert Payton, "it would take the campuses by storm." The Red Book, officially known as *General Education for a Free Society*, was published by Harvard in 1946. For more than a decade, it was the bible of a revolutionary belief that every student ought to be required to select a certain number of courses among each of the three major academic areas—the humanities, the social sciences, and the natural sciences.

The conversion of Charles Muscatine suggests that another cycle in American higher education has run its course, and that the search for a cohesive, shared experience that dominated the thinking of the academic leadership 30 years ago is an idea whose time has come again. □

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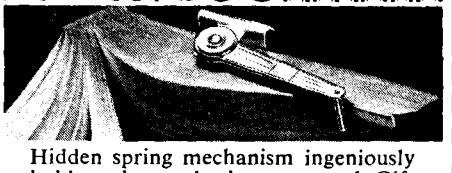

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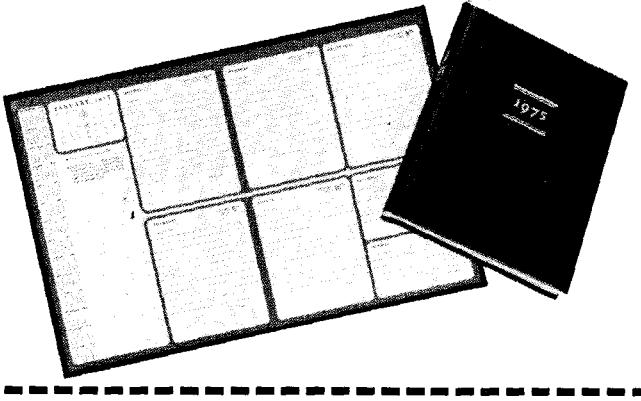

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Think of it as a pleasant island in a sea of conformity.

BUICK RIVIERA. In a day and age of rampant me-tooism, we at Buick feel compelled to sound this small, but pleasantly dissident note.

Riviera doesn't look like everybody else's personal luxury car.

Because it *isn't* everybody else's personal luxury car.

Your first clue is the square headlamps. And the neat wrap-around corner lamps. And the grille, composed of 57 individual chrome bars. A class car, obviously.

Or inside. An area where Riviera positively demands comparison. The seats are an absolute indulgence. And you'll gladly note that power windows, a tilt steering wheel and a quartz-crystal digital clock are all standard. Asking you to specify them seemed superfluous.

Or beneath the hood. A 7.5 liter V-8 resides there. With High Energy Ignition and nickel-plated exhaust valves. All standard, of course.

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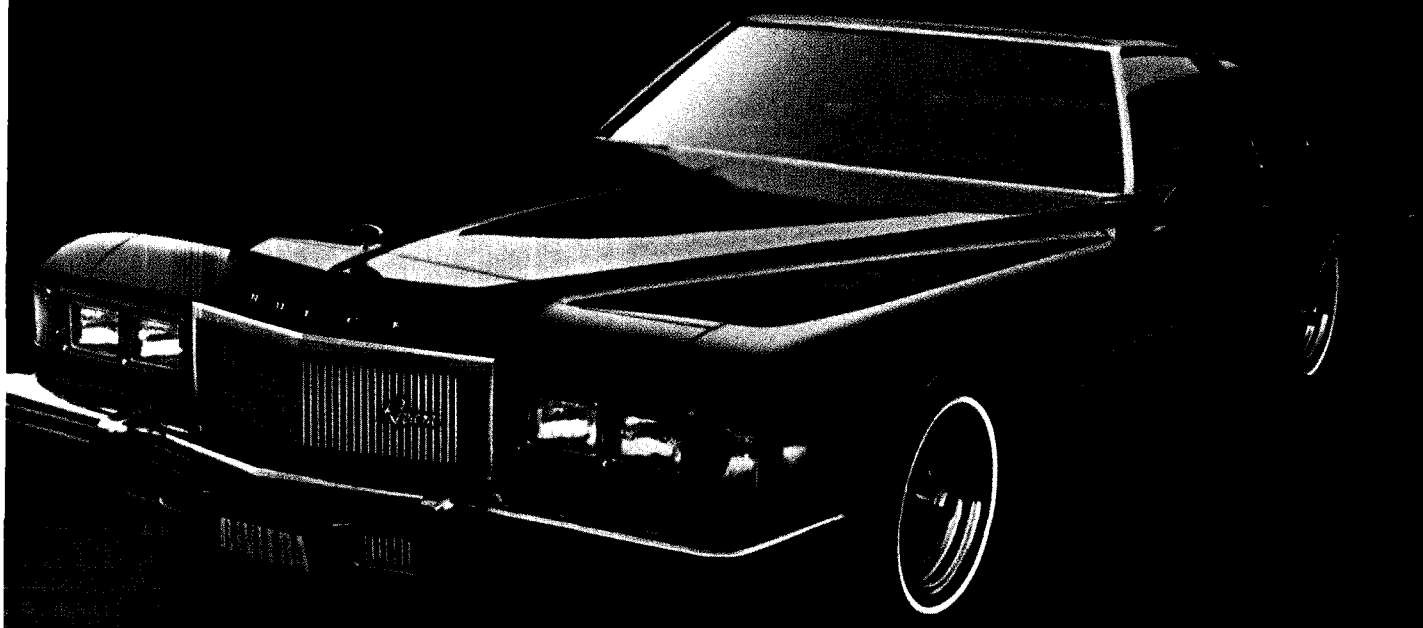
Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.



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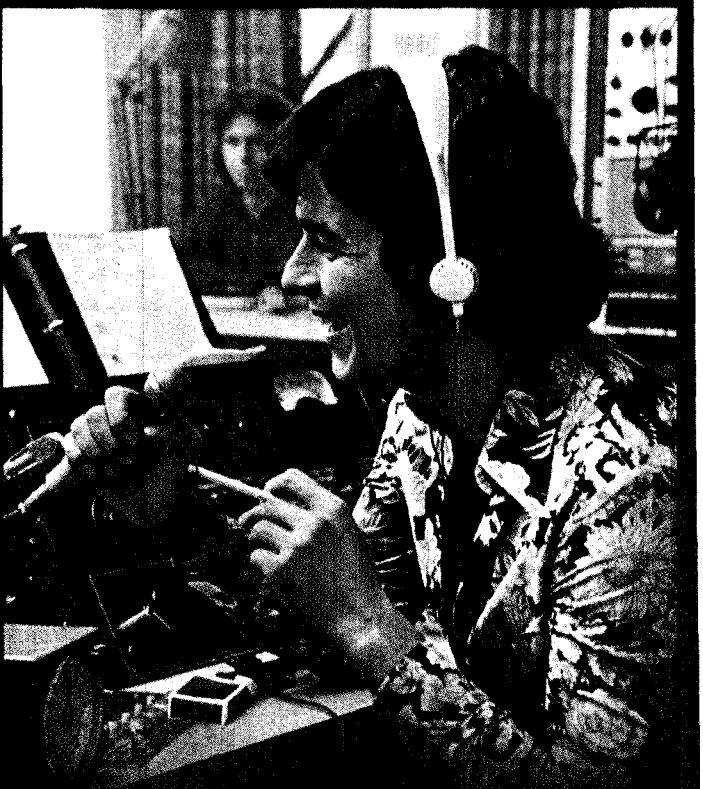
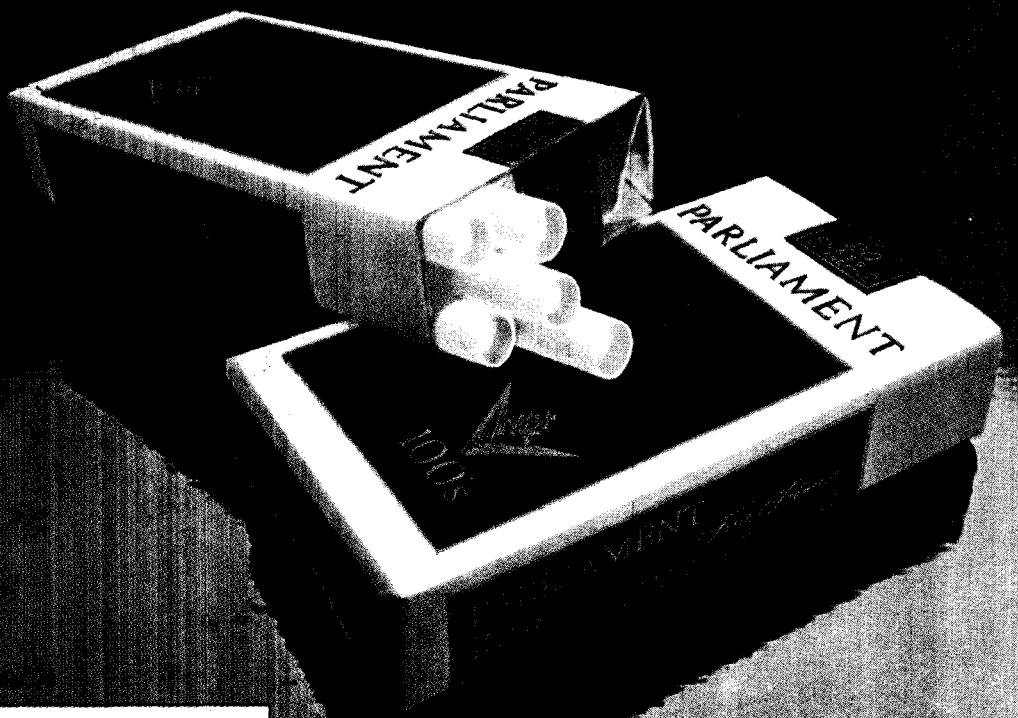
Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



1. Lenny Kleinfeld had the most distinctive delivery of any announcer in the 1920's; he always spoke with a cigarette holder in his mouth. It gave him cleaner taste.

2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed away from your lips. So you taste only rich, clean tobacco flavor. Parliament's taste will never give you any static.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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